TEN CENTS A COPY

Illogic and the Child, by Richard Hughes, on page 328

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Only a Children's Book

IN Russia a national program has been built upon the text that no child, no youth, can escape from the influence of the books he reads or that are read for him. The elementary educational system has been purified of every book with a capitalistic taint. Directly and indirectly, all that the child absorbs has communistic socialism as a thesis or can be construed as sympathetic therewith. He hears and he reads only relevant discussions. Sovietism for him becomes more than orthodoxy; he is so conditioned to its ideas that they are natural, expected, and right. Only a shock can break through his crust of certainty, and not even a shock, so the sponsors of this system believe, can permanently adapt his mind to a capitalistic world.

The Soviets seem to have taken modern psychology as their guide in this, but of course they could have learned from organizations far older than the science of psychology. In early New England they were well aware that as the twig is bent the tree is inclined, and were scrupulously careful in their control of youthful reading. The Roman Church has been especially solicitous in this respect, and has always insisted upon the strictest supervision over the early educational period and a censorship of reading, both as a right and as a duty. The minds of those educated under its influence reveal characteristic tendencies even when all allegiance to the church has long since been relinquished. In our public schools, the struggle as to whether books shall teach what is known to be relatively true about our country, or what various organizations wish children to think is true, is still in full combat. If books for children teach points of view or doctrines they arouse interest enough, too much interest sometimes, among interested parties.

But all books for youth, and all books for children, aside from the emptiest of narratives or an A, B, C, teach inevitably some idea, some philosophy of life, some idealism or cynicism, some morality or its lack,—even when written with no such purpose whatsoever. And they teach it in direct proportion to their excellence as books. It may be only a mood the child gets from his reading, it may be notions of right and wrong, it may be desires which supply motivation for his life. It may be bad taste or good taste, it may be a sense of fairness or tolerance, it may be prejudice or obscurantism.

Whatever is read, however it is written, children's literature must be regarded as a prime factor in civilization. And literature for children, in contrast to text books and manuals, is especially important because it is not usually tendencious, is written to give pleasure, and is read without restraint.

Literature for childhood was born in the liberalism of the nineteenth century when the child began to get its rights, like women and negroes, and the disciplinary children's tract was going out of fashion. When the first books written just to please children were published, there was little need of criticism and selection, for there was little to select from and that little was good.

Today we publish a hundred children's books for one in the mid nineteenth century, and today children's books, which were a class privilege at first, go into every home and every library. Their influence is gentle, pervasive, incalculable.

Yet in spite of the patent examples around us of what books do to the young man, there are still too many who will not take seriously the need of

(*Continued on page 327*)

The Death of Robin Hood

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE hangs the long bow, the strong bow, once was bent
To cleave the clout, to split the willow wand;
Till the quiver's shafts were spent
The bow that wrought wild justice in this land.
The red deer, the roe deer knew that bow,
And king and clergy knew
How sure its clothyards flew
To right the poor and lay oppression low.

There grows our great oak, our girthed oak; over all
The shires of England may it branch and be
As once in Sherwood, tall
As truth, and honor's ever-living tree!
The hunted and the hounded knew its ground
For refuge, knew who stood
A stiff yew hedge in the wood
Around its bole, when that the horn was wound.

Merry men all, God spare you to the hunt;
Through time it stretches, down the centuries.
Outlawed, we bore the brunt
Of the hour's disfavor, and its penalties;
Freemen, forever we with free men ride
Whenever, by God in Heaven,
They gather to make odds even!
Our souls with them they shall not fail that tide.

Now, lift me; I would see my forest walls
Badged with our colors, yea, till Time be done.
Where this last arrow falls
Sod me with turf the stag treads lightly on.
Go soft then, saying naught; but, hark ye! kneel
When the evil hour would awe,—
Kneel and bend bow and draw
And loose your shafts in a whistling sleet of steel!

This Week

Cover Design.
By BEATRICE TOBIAS.

Cover Poem: "I Give You."
By DAVID MCCORD.

The Gossip Shop.
By RACHEL FIELD.

Children's Books in Soviet Russia.
By HALLIE FLANAGAN.

Books of My Childhood.
By HAMLIN GARLAND.

Once in Old Kentucky.
By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

A Bookseller Speaks.
By VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON.

The Readers' Guide Suggests.
By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

Next Week

The End of an Epoch?
By STUART CHASE.

Note on Children's Books

By CHARLES J. FINGER

CAPABLE booksellers who combine sensitiveness with the stern, orderly, business-like temperament tell me that there is, about this time of the year, an immense amount of poor stuff in the juvenile field of literature coming from publishers, so much indeed that things have an appearance of a triumph of ineptitude over ability. I, myself, in the various offices of libraries and such-like clearing houses have seen books for the young which bring forth nothing from the librarians but looks of devastating scorn. Also, any intelligent reader of mature age will mourn because disaster has overtaken many excellent periodicals which, designed for the entertainment of the young, flourished for many years but have gone down in disaster or sunk into desuetude, recently. Still, there is no reason to erect an altar to grief. There are as many good books being written for juveniles as ever there were. The number of readers has increased in the past two decades. But there are writers and publishers who have mistaken notions regarding the field they wish to exploit, and there are parents and guardians who see as crookedly as those writers and publishers. Hence this.

Now my qualifications enabling me to write about that field are these. I have known the young of many peoples, Fuegian and Patagonian, Apache and Celt, Manx as well as those of forty and more of these states; and, as result of that knowledge, I hold that what is entertainment for one juvenile is entertainment for another. With intellectual enjoyment where the young are concerned, geographical lines have nothing at all to do, any more than geographical boundaries have to do, let us say, with the way in which a pup shows delight. The Alaskan huskie will wag its tail exactly as does an Airedale in Arkansas. Also there is this: Tales which I have heard told in many tongues I have turned into the Anglo-Saxon, and, these being again turned into still other tongues, as well as into Braille for the blind, seem, judging from letters I get, to give as much pleasure to the new readers as they did to the original listeners. For me that constitutes sufficient proof of a common interest. But I will go further. Time makes no difference in juvenile tastes. Verne and Marryatt and Lewis Carroll and Miss Alcott, Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver and the Arabian Nights are as welcome to the living age to-day as they were to my companions in the days when I was young and beautiful. The padding in which some of those I have named indulged is adroitly skipped by the present generation as it was by mine. Or I go further, undaunted, in proof of my contention. I remember the Fuegians, who, when I lived among them, were in a state of civilization somewhat akin to that of the neolithic savage. Yet, as I have said, the young Fuegian was so like the young Anglo-Saxon that had you turned specimens of both loose, in an hour there would have been mutual understanding. Furthermore, I point to the toys taken from the tomb of Tutankhamen, point also to those I saw the other day down at Mesa Verde which were popular among the cliff dwellers about the time of the Norman Conquest, then point to the toys to-day offered for sale on Fifth Avenue or in the Burlington Arcade, and, if you will consider them you must see that except for slight differences in manufacture they are much alike. So I infer that if we could step into times when ichthy-

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osaurians sported in Jurassian seas, you would find the human young of that day of such sort that you could mingle briskly with them very pleasantly. Here I come to the important thing, the lesson that all who would write or print for children must learn. Touch them in time or touch them in place, you will find the young of the human race to be of quick apprehension, of lively interest, of quick sympathy; you will find them swift to detect the hollowness of those who talk up to, or down to them; you will find that they care nothing at all for such commercial prosperity as exists in their time or place, but they care very much indeed for real companionship and geniality; you will find them indignant at misrepresentation of the things they know, just as I saw some mountain children indignant in a merry way when a recent writer wrote this foolishness, "nothing is more dangerous than a thoroughly frightened sheep": you will find that they avoid dreariness and sorrow and pontificality, that they admire heroes but not supermen; you will also find that they resent the preaching of goodness to them by their elders knowing such preaching to be hypocrisy and being well aware that the virtues so extolled are absent in the preachers. With such qualities and tastes and attributes, you may infer easily what would be agreeable to them in the way of intellectual amusement. It is hopeless to address those who cannot make proper inference.

* * *

The gist of the matter is that the young are, root and branch, conservatives who persist in the endurance of things. They will have the world as it always was. That is not to say they refuse new things. Indeed they welcome them gladly, but the new in their world, is not to push aside the old. They have in them the spirit of true Confuscianism in that they cherish the best that has been. But, I repeat, the new is not to displace the old. If you doubt the truth of this, then try an experiment. Engage some child that has heard Mother Goose fifty times and is ready for it again. Then try the exciting rhyme of Miss Muffett, substituting for "curds and whey" the words "eating an ice-cream cone," although mind you, the child may not have the slightest idea of what curds and whey are, while ice cream may 'e an everyday item. You will find that you are ot regarded as wise. Indeed, with an intelligent hild you will have some ado to remove intrusive nxieties lest you have laid rude hands on a sacred thing. Or, with older children, try the effect, when reading, of changing Alice's Mad Hatter's tea party into a chicken dinner, or a barbecue. Your fatuous serenity will be disturbed, I warn you. I repeat, with children you can bring in the new, but on no account shall you try to dislodge the old. I push that lesson further home by pointing out that any bright-minded child will show an interest in airplanes and automobiles, but not for all the automobiles made in a decade will Cinderella's coach be dispossessed of its place; nor shall all the men of Akron make a dirigible to take the place of the magic flying carpet, take thought as they may. So, bringing matters to the application, those in the work of producing books for the young who thought to change things, who talked of "keeping up with the procession," and of "changing tastes and changing ethics," have found to their cost that they were barking up the wrong tree. Indeed, so confident am I that conservatism is the thing, so certain that what has pleased will continue to please, that if I sought a new way to gainful pursuits I would take an old way, going forth on the highways to be envied and admired as a Punch and Judy showman. As the poetical nature is generally retrospective I would have the cream of adulthood as well as intelligent children in my audience.

It is my contention that certain magazines when in their prime, had, as managers and editors, those who understood this conservatism of the young, and that the prime of those magazines passed when there came an attempt to force a sort of modernism upon the readers. I refer particularly to the *Youth's Companion* and to the old *St. Nicholas,* and the names of these have as much right to appear in histories of American and English literature as the names of the *Tatler* or the *Spectator,* such was their excellence. And there is a case in point, an outstanding specimen of editorship of a juvenile periodical that seems to be going as strong now as in 1878, the year of its birth; going strong on both sides of the Atlantic as well as in Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and Africa. I refer to the fifty-two volumes of *Chatterbox*. As it was in the beginning so it is now; the very appearance is unchanged; the same size and make-up, the very wood-cuts in the title page are familiar as the everlasting hills. But look through the stories and see the pictures to catch the drift of them. The latter are as straightforward as the work of Hogarth, no attempt to force the fantastic or the bizarre. And they illustrate well the stories of chivalry, of adventure, of school and home life done by hands that know the value of interest first and foremost. You look through the pages to be assured of the truth of what I have pointed out, that the young admit the new but refuse to have it displace the old. When bicycles became common, stories deal with and pictures show the machines, but there is no attempt to ram the bicycle down the throat of the readers as some editors, to-day, to the disgust of their readers, try to ram the airplane everywhere, in season and out of season. No. *Chatterbox* kept the bicycle in its place, gave some of it, but hung fast to things old and permanent. There were still tales of horses, and of ships, and of smugglers, and, curious enough, one bright fantastic story of fourth dimensional people breaking into this world of ours. But whatever the subject, always and always there is revelation of that which the young hold most dear, the splendor of courage and endurance, which, mark you, is a very different thing from mere mastery of things mechanical. Always too the tales and the columns of general information were done by hands that avoided, instinctively, the snobbery of conscious superiority. Always there is evident the knowledge that what is silly to adults must needs be silly to juveniles.

There are no bewildering attempts to drag young readers into the complications of life with a lot of pompous nonsense about attaining position and gathering money, except the last was gained by the hidden treasure route. There are no attempts to pump knowledge historical, geographical, and religious into the young in the guise of fiction—especially there is none of that harping upon historical heroes. Stories may be serious but they are never solemn. In short, the policy of *Chatterbox* is exactly the policy that shall inform some new juvenile periodical some day, and the time for such is ripe and ready. It is a policy somewhat like the policy of a first class executive in charge of a railroad station, or rather a grand terminal. It is a policy that will see patrons come and go with equanimity, not troubling because the crowd did depart but conscious that departure was inevitable. But, mark you, the management saw to it that the entertainment was all that entertainment should be for those passing through. Such an editor, or a manager to keep the parallel true, would not fall into the error of being torn with excitement because of so many departures to places unknown and unknowable; he would not try to detain his patrons; nor, and this is important, nor would he try to turn his depot into a movable mansion in any vain hope of competing with the trains. Yet exactly that attempt to be peripatetic is what many editors and many authors and many publishers have tried, to their grief. They have surrendered their strength in trying to keep up with the procession, but the procession is never ending. Standing still and establishing the right atmosphere they would have served a very definite purpose at a certain point of the procession's route. As for the atmosphere to be created, it must be one suitable to those of fastidious delicacy and self-respect. It must be one suitable to those of rich imagination, to those filled with admiration and enthusiasm, to those who see the world with wide-open eyes, and who see arrow straight. For laughing childhood is as it always was. Disenchantment belongs to a later age.

A Bouquet of Poetry

FIRESIDE POEMS. Selected by VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON. Illustrated by LOIS LENSKI. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

LAYING down the large green volume of "Fireside Poems," one sighs to think that it is finished. But Miss Hutchinson has shown her excellent taste even in the number of her selections. There has been just enough. One's mind is fragrant with the true bouquet of poetry, the charm and freshness and beauty of poem set against poem like meadow-flowers. And how easy it is for an unwise arrangement to fade even a good selection! But here the old mingles with the new and Blake and Herrick are set beside De la Mare and Colum and are as weighted with early dew. Spring rests on the book and on the imaginative and frolic-some drawings by Lois Lenski that accompany nearly every poem and blossom in bright, pale colors in the five full-page illustrations.

Here one will find the classics of humorous verse, the romance of Tennyson, the quaint primness of Ann Taylor, and a line of lyrics beginning in the great days of Shakespeare. Few of the poems were written for children, but they are almost all such as children may love and continue to love for the rest of their lives, without having to discard them as they grow older as merely steps in the development of their appreciation. Perhaps nothing in the book has more magic than Humbert Wolfe's *Tulip*:

> Clean as a lady,
> cool as glass,
> fresh without fragrance
> the tulip was.
> The craftsman who carved her
> of metal prayed,
> "Live, oh thou lovely!"
> Half-metal she stayed.

Her Ladyship, the Cat

THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN. By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. Pictures by LYND WARD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

TO the discriminating the name of Elizabeth Coatsworth signed to a piece of writing brings always a premonitory thrill of pure delight. They know that they may confidently expect from her delicacy and sureness of touch combined with deep feeling, and an originality and freshness all too seldom found. She is, moreover, one of the rare persons who really understands—not cats, but—the Cat.

Miss Coatsworth has mastered the fact, oddly contradictory, that cats are not only all alike but all different, each one an individual yet possessing all the characteristics of the race. In "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" we have a demure, on-her-best-behavior creature, devout, devoted to her master, self-effacing yet tenacious of her rights. And, like all her tribe, a perfect actress with the artist's feeling for the right moment. To the cat lover it is such fine points as are brought out in the first appearance of the cat on the scene that show Miss Coatsworth to be one of the understanding.

She is a darling little thing, really, this Good Fortune, eldest daughter of the fisherman's chief cat, and from the first moment irresistible. We are not told with what wiles she works upon the feelings of the old Japanese housekeeper who has gone to market to buy food for her starving master, the artist, but we can imagine them as the little old woman stands bowing apologetically before him on her return. She makes one excuse after the other for not opening that covered basket toward which he casts hungry looks. First it is loneliness she pleads, then rats in the house. Dreadful suspicion comes over the artist, he guesses what has happened and is sunk in despair. But he is curious, too. "Let us see the creature," he says.

> So the old woman put down the basket and opened the lid. Nothing happened for a moment. Then a round pretty white head came slowly above the bamboo, and two big yellow eyes looked about the room, and a little white paw appeared on the rim. Suddenly, without moving the basket at all, a little white cat jumped out on the mats and stood there as a person might stand who hardly knew if she were welcome.

"Nothing happened for a moment." That is the phrase that betrays the master hand. Cats, like the finest actresses, know the value of a pause and its dramatic possibilities.

The purposes of the story require, one concedes, that Good Fortune die, but even though a miracle is worked to reward her it is scarcely endurable. One would wish her to go on walking forever through these pages, cautiously putting one little white paw before the other as, not yet sure of her welcome, she enters a room; keeping her eyes politely in another direction as the soup is brought in; breaking into rapid sneezes to cover up her giggles at things that amuse small cats; pulling at her master's sleeve with her little paw, and looking up reproachfully into his face because with all his drawing of animals he does not draw a cat.

This is most decidedly a book for grown-ups to enjoy with children and read aloud to them. And it should be said that the drawings of animals that Lynd Ward has done for the volume really illustrate the story in the full meaning of the word.

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Chaucer for Children

TALES FROM CHAUCER. The Canterbury Tales Done into Prose by ELEANOR FARJEON. Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

Translator of "The Canterbury Tales"

THE full number of tales which Chaucer completed (twenty-four of the one hundred and twenty-four originally planned) have been gathered by Miss Farjeon into 245 pages of spirited prose. The full number, but not the complete tales. Certain features of various tales would, Miss Farjeon points out, "prevent their being given to young people." She has accordingly shortened and altered the original text.

The result is a much briefer "Canterbury Tales" than Chaucer wrote, and a "purer." There is a drastic curtailment for readability throughout. In addition, special cutting has been done with pieces like "The Tale of Melibeus." Again, with stories like "The Miller's Tale" and "The Reeve's Tale" important episodes have been suppressed or completely altered. Even the mild tale told by the nun's priest, of the cock, the hen, and the fox has been vigorously carved not only to omit the innocent anecdotes which Chanticleer relates, but also to avoid reference to certain barnyard practices and a humorous mention of laxatives. Miss Farjeon has worked with a deft if appalling skill, and produced an adaptation of Chaucer which, if somewhat mangled, is quick-running and vigorous.

Of course a complete, accurate, and readable translation of Chaucer into modern English prose already exists. This is MacKaye and Tatlock's "The Modern Reader's Chaucer." There is no reason in my opinion why any child of twelve should not be subjected to the healthy obscenities of this full and faithful rendering. For reading aloud to very young children Miss Farjeon's version might be more popular. She has eliminated much wit and humor, but some tedious passages also. Here, of course, she is in competition with the retelling of authors like Sturt and Oclepeus and Eva March Tappan.

It is perhaps a question of what is wanted. The thing is to get at Chaucer. For those who will not master Middle English, translations should be available. These have already been made in prose and verse, and a new shortened, expurgated prose version has its right to be considered. For my own children I should avoid it, but I can see how, granting a different point of view, it might be appreciated.

And while I seriously question the desirability of Miss Farjeon's literary surgery, I must concede that it represents both good literary craftsmanship and at times even great inventiveness. Absalom's kiss in the "Miller's Tale"—well, though any purification would be flat, this one is most ingenious. "The Reeve's Tale" is not so cleverly altered, but the problems are more difficult here, and more easily solved by omission. And in general, while the lover of Chaucer will miss an appalling amount of the original, he will find that Miss Farjeon has a narrative pace and a sense for fun.

Twelve full color illustrations by W. Russell Flint give a dignified pictorial accompaniment to the tales.

A Cossack Hero

YERMAK THE CONQUEROR. By GENERAL P. N. KRASSNOFF. Translated by ZINAIDA and ARTHUR RUHL. New York: Duffield & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by NICHOLAS SERGIEVSKY

AN episode of the conquest of the Siberian khanate by a band of roving Don Cossacks under the leadership of the brave ataman Yermak in the middle of the sixteenth century gives a colorful background to General Krassnoff's book. Woven into it is an unusual story of a young and adventurous Russian boy who, left shelterless after a great disaster, began a new career as a soldier in far-off Siberia, achieved marked success, married, and eventually became a great ataman and the happy father and grandfather of several fine boys as bold and courageous as himself.

General Krassnoff does not belong to the Russian literary élite and none of his numerous books is listed among the masterpieces of Russian literature, although his voluminous epic "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" had a sensational success several years ago. However, his stories are read extensively because their author possesses the valuable gift, so essential to a story writer and especially to a writer of juvenile stories,—the knowledge of how to arouse and hold the interest of the reader. For this reason the present book, recording a historical episode in itself full of adventure and depicting the exploits of a courageous boy, who through great hardships and dangers achieved success in the service of his country, will probably find a large number of interested readers among American boys in their teens and prove equally engrossing to the generation above them. The book possesses one more quality which should not be overlooked: it is written with a winsome sympathy for the glorious deeds of the Don Cossacks of old by a man who not long since was himself an ataman of the Cossacks.

The excellent English translation by Zinaida and Arthur Ruhl, as well as the fine appearance of the book, well illustrated by William Siegel, will doubtless add much to its success.

Illustration from "Doubloons" (Farrar & Rinehart).

See page 329

"Please Forward"

HOW THEY CARRIED THE MAIL. By JOSEPH WALKER. Illustrated by FRANK DOBIAS. New York: Sears Publishing Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE pilot of the mail-plane today is kinsman to the runner of King Sargon's time and the courier who took the instructions of the Roman Emperor in Dacia to the Senate in Rome. Mr. Walker has carried the adventurous story of the messenger down through the ages. He has done this by a mixture of historical sketches and bits of fiction, all vivid and interesting, and all essentially truthful. Something is told of the first written messages, imprinted on baked clay and sealed with the royal ring; something also of the methods of sending tidings and government instructions in the era of the first Pharaohs. Mr. Walker then comes down to the immortal story of Pheidippides, who brought the news of the victory at Marathon to Athena, and to the contemporary messengers of Queen Esther, who helped to avert from the Jews the fate planned for them by Haman. There are several sketches of messengers in the Middle Ages; notably the story of the faithful page and minstrel who wandered over Europe seeking Richard the Lion-Hearted, and who when he was found sped back to England with the good news.

Real news-carrying began with the house of Thurn and Taxis, and Mr. Walker does not omit a spirited sketch of one of their couriers, carrying news from Belgium to the French King. Naturally most of the later sketches deal with American history. The first with a new world setting is of Ben Franklin, and the trans-Allegheny postal service he established. The voyage of the first steamship, the *Savannah*, to England, carrying a bag of mail, and the exploits of the pony-express riders, are not forgotten. Altogether, it is a book from which youthful readers will pick up a great deal of history as well as entertainment. The schedules of the present-day air mail, printed as an appendix to the volume and following hard upon an account of the feats of Maughan and Lindbergh with transcontinental mail-planes, will interest all boys. Mr. Dobias's illustrations match the spirited style of the author, and like the whole book, show care in details.

With Lawrence of Arabia

IN LAWRENCE'S BODYGUARD. By GURNEY SLADE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by A Friend of 'T. E. LAWRENCE'

IN a short and admirable preface, the author of this boy's book says:

> By his exploits in Arabia, Lawrence has delivered himself into the hands of fiction writers for all time, and by weaving a few of the incidents of his campaign into the plot of a boy's book, I am only one of the forerunners of a mighty horde. My hope is that this book of mine may serve as a finger-post to "grown-up" non-pictorial works, such as Lawrence's own record, "Revolt in the Desert," and Robert Graves' (sic) fascinating volume, "Lawrence and the Arabs," to both of which I am indebted.

It is immediately apparent from the book that Mr. Gurney is a man of taste and sensibility, although not entirely knowledgeable. The hero is at school when the story opens. He is observed by Lord Carstanley during a game of rugger, and immediately afterwards is offered a job in Arabia, to find a certain stone stolen during a past excavation. He accepts, and the rest of the story recounts his adventures until the outbreak of the Great War, when, after serving Prince Feisal, he joins Lawrence's bodyguard. The story ends with the Capture of Damascus, when a sadness comes upon the bodyguard because Lawrence, at the climax of his life, slips away and leaves behind only vacancy and dream for those who had served him with all their vitality.

Mr. Slade's taste and sensibility are revealed in his reticent handling of the Lawrence material (a direct contrast to a certain American journalist-lecturer, by whose methods Lawrence was made to feel the greatest *malaise*) and in his obvious determination not to write sensationally. The boy hero Baxter appears to be derived from a dream of Lawrence, and is therefore genuinely a character of fiction. Lawrence as Lawrence in the book is a minor or slight-appearing character, yet he dominates the book like snow-capped Everest seen from a remote distance. The book is in proportion, and merits our thanks for that. There are one or two unknowledgeable points, such as the dialogue between Headmaster and Carstanley, which is "most frightfully correct," except where the author tries to offset the stiltedness with colloquialisms which no Old Etonian ("We were at Eton together," says Lord C.) would use in normal conversation. (By the way, one of the best and most penetrating stories of school life the present reviewer has read is shortly to be published in the U. S. A.—"Decent Fellows," by John Heygate—a unique transcription of a boy's experiences at Eton.)

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There is one lapse which is to be deplored, although it is, alas, a commonplace of boys' fiction. The Turkish generals, visiting the Arabs before the Revolt, are described (by the impartial author) as "the pair of Turkish ruffians," and "at any moment the crack of a dozen revolvers might sound the death knell of the two Turkish desperadoes." Tut, tut, Mr. Slade. The campaign in Palestine was not so easy at that; nevertheless your book shall be successful, for no boy will get the least glimmer of war's reality from it. The style is a mixture of utter badness (as above) and commonplace but careful composition; and the qualities of heroism, bravery (but not loyalty) are somewhat unreal. The hero, Baxter (aged about nineteen), has a bullet cut out of his leg without wincing. He is a strong man, certainly, but a little too strong for his tender age. "I don't believe all the yarns they tell about me," Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw once wrote, in reference to the Laurentian legend. "The Arab business was a freak in my living: in ordinary times I'm plumb normal." Normal, yes; but only the normally strong arise to be normal after trial and error. Shakespeare was plumb normal. What a boy's book could be written on that theme—a boy struggling to be true to himself! Its author would probably be accused of corrupting the morals of Youth.

Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney have compiled a volume to supplement their "Realms of Gold in Children's Books." "Contemporary Illustrators of Children's Books," as it is called, is intended to be the first in a series. The illustrators presented tell their own stories. The book is arranged alphabetically by person, and the books illustrated by each artist are found at the end of each story.

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The Children's Mexico

THE PAINTED PIG. By ELIZABETH MORROW. Illustrations by RENÉ D'HARNONCOURT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

EVERYBODY who knows Mexico, recognizes it at once as a child's Wonderland, an American fairy world; all new and credible and amusing, full of mysterious dark people, who actually *are*, to take the place of the Once-upon-a-Timers; a world crowded with animals busy with an equally mysterious and true life of their own, and toys that have an intriguing charm. Everybody who has read much of Mexico lately knows who Elizabeth Morrow is; and between them Mrs. Morrow and Mexico introduce a born illustrator of children's books who is able to study his subjects at first hand.

The Story of Pita, Pedro, and the Pig, and the toy maker, who is as true to his type as any character out of Hans Christian Andersen, borrows nothing whatever from European folk-lore, and is utterly unrelated to that made up fairy world which, in the United.States, has been invented to take the place of both tradition and reality. Mrs. Morrow's story is reality, with the sort of realism which in Mexico cannot but have for the American child a touch of magic, a fairy implication, the delight of strangeness, and the consoling certainty of fact. If much of this fact seems also to the American child the most engaging nonsense—such as the medicine tea which was made of mint and rose leaves, charcoal and butter, and various other ingredients,—it is still the sort of nonsense that only natural folk, like Indian Mexicans and very great geniuses, can invent for themselves. It is to be hoped that the return of the Morrows to their own country will not entirely separate Mrs. Morrow from the children's Mexico.

The illustrations of "The Painted Pig," by René D'Harnoncourt, are deserving of special mention, and that not entirely because they are in no respect reminiscent of the fairy land of the old world, but because at the same time they are genuinely interpretive of the new. Only a very sincere artist would have been content to present Pita and Pedro dancing with the concentrated solemn joy of Indian children, over the advent of the second pig; only one very close to the people themselves would have caught the ramping pride of the straw horses and the ungrimacing seriousness of Pancho and the toy man. That René D'Harnoncourt has let himself be instructed by the native genius of Mexican folk art is as evident as it is gratifying. His work will come as a welcome relief to parents who do not want their children to miss the fairy touch from literature and art, and are as bored as their children are with the overworked material of the European ragbag.

In Belgravia

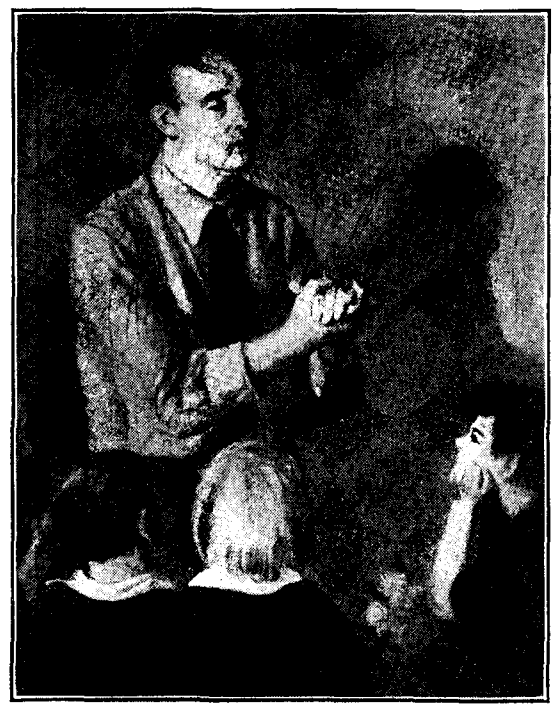
STEPHEN THE VALIANT. By JULISKA DARU and CHARLOTTE LEDERER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN

SOMEWHERE, among those European "heart-lands" where Franz Josef reigned before the war, there existed the tiny kingdom of Belgravia, bounded by Hungary and Montevedio. One may visualize it as a Liechtenstein, perhaps, but situated, more likely, in the Transylvanian Alps, not far from that medieval city where once the beautiful Ruwena rode forth from her citadel to follow the knightly Stanislaus across the Karpolak mountains.

Within this "Transylvanian" kingdom were many peoples: Germans, Hungarians, Rumanians, and what not; and here we find, at the beginning of our story, the Crown Prince Stephen Joseph Desirée Amadeus Paul Marie Koburg Von Hohenachen, his playmate, Stevie, and his Hungarian nurse, Maresa. Stephen's treacherous uncle, the Archduke Charles Frederick Emil Ludwig Koburg Von Hohenachen, succeeded in having the King and Queen murdered; and on Stephen's twelfth birthday an attempt also was made upon the young king's life. Then it was that Maresa and Stephen fled through a secret passage into the mountains and crossed the boundary to live as remote Hungarian peasants with Maresa's father in Mikofalva. Most of the book narrates the colorful and interesting life of a Hungarian village. At last Count Ruppert, an aide-de-camp of the former king, discovers Stephen's hiding place and succeeds, with the aid of faithful nobles, in restoring the young king to his throne.

The book may be described as a remarkably enlightening social history for children from ten to fourteen, told in the form of a thoroughly interesting story. Despite its somewhat melodramatic plot, there is nothing impossible, nothing insincere, nothing sentimental about it. Many good lessons are drawn for children in the form of stimulants to the mind and to the imagination. Nothing that hints of preachment or moralizing has been included. It is a sound, healthy, and entertaining tale, told with simplicity and restraint: the type of tale we should have liked to have read ourselves, and reread, perhaps twenty years ago. For the present, however, we could be satisfied with the authentic and graceful illustrations that Charlotte Lederer has contributed; in fact, we should not object to having such drawings as those of the Bethlehmite singer, or of Miska bácsi, the sheep tender and carrier, or of the village church, or of little Susie following Stephen along the Tündér-utra (the fairy way), framed in our study.



PADRAIC COLUM
Telling Stories to Children
From a painting by Bernhard Gutmann.

The Land of Cocaigne

THE COUNTRY OF THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND WISHES. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Illustrations by ADRIENNE SÉGUR. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

WHEN a writer of distinction in other fields turns his mind to an occasional book for children one is always led to look for something a little out of the ordinary and to expect, perhaps unfairly, a little more than the author may have been moved to give. M. Maurois has taken familiar ideas and a familiar motive—the famous land of Cocaigne—and has woven them into a genial and amusing fantasy with new touches and variations. Revolt against school-room lessons and dull everyday routine and transportation to the magic land of Thirty-Six Thousand Wishes, where everyone may do exactly as he or she chooses, where flying is as easy as walking, and where real miniature automobiles and inviting tables laden with ice cream and hot chocolate materialize at the waving of a magic wand, is a promising if not exactly novel opening. It is in the small touches of dialogue and invention rather than in the general theme that the author's imagination finds most play, and children will be delighted with the Pigeon on Duty, Mr. Loverdovey, who gives lessons in aviation, with the little girl fairies and their detachable aeroplane wings, and particularly with the taxi camel, whose right ear must be turned down to show that he is hired.

Doing as one chooses is all very well, but it ceases to be amusing when everyone else has the same privilege, and the children's visit to the Land of Wishes ends—as it logically would—in quarrels, disappointment, and boredom. "Let's go home!" is their last and most ardent wish. If there is a key to André Maurois's little fantasy it lies in the last chapter of all when Michelle, grown older, takes it into her head to revisit once more the magic land of wishes. She reaches the gateway but is stopped by the raven on duty, and has to pass her entrance examination again. On the first occasion she answered all her spelling and arithmetic questions incorrectly and was allowed to pass; this time, alas, her answers are correct. The raven regretfully shakes his head. She is no longer eligible for the enchanted country. She has grown up. The moral is somehow saddening, and one cannot but feel that the author is convicted out of his own mouth.

The large size, big clear type, and gay board covers, very French in character, make an attractive looking book. Adrienne Ségur is happier in her small black-and-white drawings than in the full-page color illustrations which show a certain stiffness and lack of imagination.

El Cid

THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD. Translated by MERRIAM SHERWOOD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is, on the whole an excellent translation of "El Cantar do Mio Cid," the most important single document pertaining to the career of Don Rodrigo of Vivar, although there is no lack of color and interest in many of the legends outside the "Cantar" itself. Perhaps a less conscientious person than Dr. Sherwood might have done a more exciting book for children about El Cid, but there is no doubt at all that such a rendering as is here presented in an attractive format has a place. It should serve a double purpose in furnishing interesting reading matter for older children and in arousing their curiosity about its central figure.

Of course, if they pursue their investigations too far, they will find that the Warrior Lord was not quite the chivalrous figure he is made to appear in the anonymous poem which a patient monk saved for posterity. Actually, Don Rodrigo's sword was for at least a large part of his career at the services of the highest bidder, and he had no hesitation in switching to the side of the infidel Moors if the pay was good. Spain has long ago forgiven and forgotten these derelictions, for when the doughty champion of Vivar was on the right side, he did valiant service. It is obviously true that Don Rodrigo must be judged against the background of his times, and in the eleventh century there was an astonishing freedom of intercourse between Moor and Spaniard; the sharp division that came later with the rising consciousness of Catholicism and nationalism had very little place when El Cid fought and plundered.

"El Cantar" has not lacked for translators in the past, a good many of whom have tried to approximate its poetical form. Dr. Sherwood has avoided this difficulty by making a straight prose translation that follows the original with reasonable closeness, and which even goes so far as to retain the frequent use of epithet and repetition of phrase so characteristic of the original. This is an advantage; it gives a swing and lilt to the story, and helps to preserve its flavor.

For those who are not familiar with any of the other translations, it may be well to explain that "El Cantar" covers no more than a very brief period in the life of Don Rodrigo. We are introduced to him as he passes into exile under an unjust decree from Alfonso of Leon; we see him bid Doña Jimena and his fair daughters goodbye; we follow his unfailingly successful campaign against Moorish strongholds and his delightfully bloody battles, when the gore drips from his elbow and the infidel dogs bite the dust in scores and hundreds; we see his daughters wedded to the heirs of Carrión, and follow the vicissitudes of the maidens until they are at last relieved of their villainous husbands and wedded to two kings worthy of their brave blood.

Don Rodrigo's only falling away from the highest ideals of chivalry that appears in this story is the episode of the money chests. It will be remembered, perhaps, that he borrowed large sums on two chests that were filled with sand, but the legend has it that

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he later returned to Burgos and repaid the Jewish money-lenders in full. The credulous may see at least one of the chests swung high on the wall of the sacristy of the Cathedral of Burgos, beneath whose ornate lantern sleep El Cid and his faithful wife. At least a handsome bronze tablet bears this information; actually the ashes of the warrior lord traveled up and down the earth for years and it is quite likely that they are not even in Spain.

The illustrations for Dr. Sherwood's book are by Henry C. Pitz, and are really decorations without any especial claim to distinction.

Innocents at Home

HUMAN CHILDREN. By PAUL EIPPER. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by RUTH W. WASHBURN

BECAUSE the majority of the numberless people who have recently been interested to write about children have done so in the objective, impersonal, scientific manner and have, as well, often been actuated by a desire to better the individual child's adjustment to the world, it is a pleasant change to find a book concerned with children written by a keen and reverently sympathetic observer who is not afraid of the more subjective, even affectionate, point of view, nor of enjoying children as he finds them. There are numerous particularizing descriptions in this book (as, for instance, one of a waking infant in the chapter called "Life Begins") which, in their wealth of detail, suggest the scientist's type of record, but the observations which resulted in these descriptions appear to have been important to the author not because they added to the available fund of knowledge, but because, as an observer, he experienced that sentiment called "wonder." The numerous delightful photographs in the book, beautifully taken by Hedda Walter, not only help the author to make clearer some detail, but also to emphasize the fact that esthetic pleasure is frequently stimulated in the fortunate observer of children.

The considerable degree to which the author is successful in transferring to his readers his feelings, whether they be of wonder, esthetic pleasure, intellectual sympathy, amusement, or whatever, is well illustrated by the following passage on page 55:

> One evening I surprised my six-year-old son praying very expressively in bed: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then quickly adding: "To you, O Lord, my heart awakes!" He answered my astonished question by saying, "You know, when I get up there's never time enough, so I say my morning prayer at night."

The critical will detect a trace of sentiment in the Victorian sense of the word in this book, which may, however, for the most part be characterized as delightful.

Only a Children's Book

(*Continued from page 323*)

criticism and selection in books for children. The flood of new books overwhelms us. To the adult taste, their likeness as children's books is more apparent than their unlikeness as between good books and bad. And there has been so much cheap, washy, thin, conventional trash that it has been easy to say Pooh! to the mass of them.

We are growing wiser. It is as unsafe to let children's books go without due criticism as to open the doors of a menagerie. They need shrewder criticism than books for adults because the differentiation between book and book is so much less and the divergence in influence (good or bad) is so much greater. Their art is a peculiar art, which fails if it does not carry children with it. Their morality is by no means the morality of the adult world, and must not be strained to meet conventions or corrupted by sophisticated minds. Their style must have simplicity without plainness. Fantasy is indispensable: and realism a far more delicate art than will serve the adult world.

The authors, the publishers, and also the critics of children's books can congratulate themselves upon the marked improvement in quality of the past two years. Trash is not so abundant, the stereotypes are being broken up, format is better; if there are few masterpieces, there are more good books. Those who labor in this field are accustomed to little praise from a public who still ignorantly says "only a children's book," unaware that it may be electricity or dynamite for the oncoming generation; but they should know that a good job for a child is worth nine for an adult in social worth and in the interests of civilization.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

IN the recent election to the Hall of Fame at New York University Walt Whitman finally scraped through. He had been voted upon at three of the previous elections, but did not get enough ballots to qualify. This time he received 64 votes, the exact minimum necessary. Walt's delay in arriving was undoubtedly due to his not following the instructions always printed on the official announcements: *To Reach the Hall of Fame, take Broadway Express, 40 minutes.*

One of the still unsuccessful nominees whom we commend to the 106 austere electors is Henry David Thoreau. He only received 38 ballots in the recent caucus, but he is on his way.

* * *

Dr. J. Schwartz, the learned Lepsius of the Ulysses Bookshop hard by the British Museum (I haven't the faintest idea who was the Learned Lepsius, it is a

Illustration from "Human Children."

phrase that I picked up in college more than 20 years ago and it occasionally recurs to me) has evidently grown weary of the genial come-on-and-drop-in-tea's-waiting-on-the-hob invitations uttered by rival booksellers. His latest catalogue he dates as of "4 A. M., Oct. 10th" and reports that all his prices have been "viciously chastened." He proceeds with lively irony:—

> Visitors to the Ulysses Bookshop will always find a cordial welcome to look around, thumb, drop, and sneeze on all books. Read, sleep, or stare at any book as long as you desire. Special lounges have been constructed for research workers. A card of admission (good for three years) will be given to anybody on the receipt of two pence—this shall entitle the owner to a private key, whence he may enter the outfit any time during 11 p.m. and 6 a.m. in case he has a brain-storm and wants to hurriedly look up some "points."
>
> Tea, ice cream cones, coffee (in eight different styles) will be gracefully served by Nubian ladies between 2 and 3 a. m. only. Moving pictures of the Holy Land under the auspices of the "Outer Region" Missionary Society will be shown every Sunday at 8 p. m. But for the younger college element I have arranged a series of bloodhound races on Tuesday morning.
>
> Whiskey, claret, hock, madeira, Port, sack, and absinthe are always standing around for general consumption. Please bring your own collapsable glasses. Intolerance of alcohol is one of the stigmata of degeneration.

* * *

Thomas Burke's very excellent articles "Tales of a Literary Agency" appeared lately in the *Commonweal*, that weekly magazine edited with such gusto by Michael Williams; though a man of that name comes naturally by a vigorous prose; readers of Shakespeare's *Henry V* remember the Michael Williams in Act IV who was one of the first Soldiers Three. Seeing Thomas Burke's pieces in the *Commonweal* has reminded us of his admirable little book on *The English Inn*, which might be the perfect Christmas present for anyone who intends some day to go exploring abroad. There are a few eccentrics who could spend very good evenings making up lists of some of the pubs they would enjoy visiting, and Burke's book annotates many of the best. One of those whose name allures me is The Dolphin, in the village of Beer (Devonshire). The book is published in London by Longmans, Green & Co., at 3/6.

* * *

We have not had much opportunity lately to keep up our French reading, and without our being aware of it those specialized glands which feed upon simple French prose had been somewhat starved. When, therefore, we visited the local hardware store to buy a rat trap, and found that one of the traps for sale was from France and contained a leaflet of instructions in that supreme language, we fell upon it with delight. Nothing in La Fontaine has given us more gentle satisfaction than the instructions of M. Marty (of Villefranche, Aveyron) for the manner of efficaciously employing his trap, the Nasse Ratière Marty. This is how the little fable instils (which has its analogies for authors also) itself into our literal mind:—

> This apparatus, which by the fact indeed of its simplicity gives the results the most astonishing, composes itself of two chambers which are the Introduction and the Cellule. It is in this latter that the victims give themselves rendez-vous.
>
> One deposits in the trap, but without encumbering it, a relatively abundant allure, having care to put about a third of it in the Introduction; one puts the remainder in the Cellule. In localities where the rats have within their reach an abundant nourishment it will be more difficult to attract them into a trap whatever it may be; it will be necessary in this case to seek to tempt them by the variety of the bait. The meats, the fishes, the cheeses, the bread, the fruits of every kind, debris of the table, allure very well; it is necessary above all not to lose from sight that according to that which the rat finds outside he may have preferences for some aliment which he specially desires and which attracts him into the snare; as soon as one is inside you are assured that all those within sight or sound of him will not delay to share his fate. If one desires a strong capture one is sure to obtain it by the following procedure. After having conveniently garnished the trap one leaves the door completely open; as soon as one remarks that all the bait has been carried off, one garnishes anew and one closes. Invited by their exploit of the evening before, they do not fail to return, and in greater number, but this time they remain there. . . .

I will not go into M. Marty's recommendations for the disposal of the prisoners. Students of Advanced Prose can continue into the latter portion of the leaflet which reports the decision of the court of appeal in Amiens, Aug. 5, 1887, which sternly reproves the widow Ciceri and certain rascally Belgians for attempting to appropriate to themselves the idea of Marty. "The snares seized in the magazines," says the judgment, "are counterfeits, and foreign claims of anteriority rest on simple allegations and certificates without value." Vive Marty! whose rodentine Bastille actually does the job.

* * *

More and more the Book Trade is getting réclame it doesn't have to pay for. Observe a recent advertisement of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel:—

> Those persons who always do things well . . . one knows them by their habitat . . . they have a definite capacity for living amid the niceties of life without sacrificing any of the material comforts. . . . They may be found swimming on the Côte d'Azur . . . applauding Toscanini at Bayreuth . . . making a pilgrimage to Oberammergau . . . when at home in the Barbizon-Plaza library reading Aldous Huxley. . . .

* * *

But we do not easily ratify the prone-and-supine attitude toward European doings. We have a hankering to preserve in The Folder for meditation and reproach Mr. Burton Emmett's extraordinary doleful cry which we find in a print-seller's catalogue:—

> It is the graphic arts—the arts of the printed page and the printed picture—which reach and influence the great majority. If these, the arts of the many, were given a one-hundredth part of the encouragement now received by the "fine arts" of the few, the people of the United States would overtake the people of Europe in culture during the lifetime of the present generation.

We have never known precisely what "culture" consists in, but perhaps it means increasing the visibility of the unseeable, and making contact with the intangible. It is not so easily hoisted by sudden petards.

* * *

Anyhow it is a good thing to go on praising local workmanship. It saddens me to observe that a novel as extraordinary as *Seed on the Wind*, by Rex Stout, has received so little comment. If it were by a Russian or a German, what a fashionable halloo there would have been. It is a book not easily to be read nor lightly to be commended; it churns up the emotions and instigates all sorts of anxiety, but it is brilliantly and cruelly unique. It is of importance, but it does not seem to have reached the Barbizon-Plaza class of readers. Yet I know one excessively shrewd critic who thinks it as important as anything D. H. Lawrence ever wrote. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Songs for Youngsters

PILLICOCK HILL. Verses by HERBERT ASQUITH, set to music by ALEC ROWLEY. Illustrated by A. H. WATSON. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by DEEMS TAYLOR

TO the eye, certainly, this book of songs for children leaves nothing to be desired. It was printed in England, which means that the paper stock, ink, and typography are enviably above the average American standard. It is excellently bound in paper boards, with a charming cover design. A. H. Watson's colored frontispiece, illustrations, and decorations have humor and grace of line, and while suggestive of Arthur Rackham, can stand on their own merits.

Mr. Asquith's verses arouse somewhat less unbounded enthusiasm. It is hard to say exactly what is wrong with them. All of them are at least competent. They scan, and they rhyme, and they display a degree of imagination. But they rather lack gusto; their play of fancy is not so much delicate as undernourished.

It is less difficult to say what is wrong with Mr. Rowley's music. He has simply failed to write music for children to sing; has, apparently, never heard a child sing, or tried to teach one to sing.

Children's singing voices are, contrary to the accepted tradition, placed rather low. The "shrill treble piping" beloved of the chroniclers of child life is merely a description (and an accurate criticism) of the agonized efforts of the average child to sing music intended for adult throats. Moreover, as primitive beings, born innocent of the tempered scale, children are likely to have trouble in singing in tune, and are really comfortable only when singing the simpler intervals. As primitive beings again, while they can create the most complicated rhythms impromptu, they can memorize and reproduce only simple ones.

Mr. Rowley's melodies are written for an adult mezzo-soprano voice (that is, nearly a third too high for a child), they bristle with difficult intervals (or with simple intervals over sophisticated chromatic accompaniments, which amounts to the same thing), and indulge in rhythmic complications, such as alternations of duple and triple time, which, however fascinating they may be to invent, are, take it from an exhausted parent, virtually impossible to impart.

It may be that one's assumption of Mr. Rowley's intentions is inaccurate; that he intended these as songs to be sung to, rather than by, children. Even so, they are not successful. They are amiable, well-made little tunes, without a trace of musical vulgarity; but only an adult, I am afraid, would be satisfied with their utter lack of pungency and spontaneity.

The Nucleus of a Library

HOUSEHOLD STORIES FROM THE BROTHERS GRIMM. Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $1.

JOHNNY APPLESEED. By VACHEL LINDSAY. Illustrated by GEORGE RICHARDS. The same.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO. By C. COLLODI. Illustrated by ATTILIO. The same.

THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE. By GEORGE MACDONALD. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. The same.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THESE are four of the forty volumes which make up the roll of the Macmillan Children's Classics, and are a representative group in that they illustrate the variety, the quality, and the range of the series. Into this library are gathered some of the tales that have been favorites for generations together with others which though of later origin bid fair to hold place in the affections of children for many a year to come. They have been furnished in most instances with new illustrations, though we rejoice to see that in the case of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" no contemporary artist has displaced the beloved Tenniel. The books were originally put out at a higher price than the modest dollar apiece which they now cost. The child who can wheedle a parent or relative into presenting him with two or three will doubtless not desist from cajolery until he has built himself a library of forty.

Illogic and the Child

RICHARD HUGHES.

A CERTAIN author took a parcel of children's stories to his publisher. The latter read them, and gave his verdict: "There seems to me only one thing wrong with these children's stories of yours," he said: "Namely, that they are written for children."

The author kept his face a polite, enquiring blank.

"We can't publish them. The only children's stories that we or anybody else can publish are those written for adults. I should have thought you would have realized that for yourself."

"I had realized," said the author, "that the majority of so-called stories for children were plainly aimed far more at the parent: but in my innocence I had considered this a defect that I hoped to remedy."

"And who do you think *buys* children's books?" continued the exasperated publisher: "Do you think the children read the reviews? Do you think the children go to the store and browse about till they find something which takes their fancy? No, a book for children must appeal to adults, first, last, and all the time."

With which, the unfortunate author was put out on his ear.

* * *

This little tale is not wholly imaginary: the state of affairs which it depicts is not imaginary at all. That it is the parents' approval which constitutes financial success or failure, nobody is likely to question. And one has only to look at a shelfful of examples to convince oneself that the average children's book is written as much, if not more, for the parents.

But it is much too early in my argument, yet, to say offhand that these hermaphrodites are to be condemned. After all, Shakespeare, that greatest exponent of the club-sandwich in literature, wrote so as to please both the groundlings and the intellectuals. Whoever bit found something to his taste. So why should not an author be able in the same work, sandwich-wise, to please both child and parent? Theoretically it should be possible. And there are in existence a few classics, such as "Alice in Wonderland," which prove that it is possible, even in practice.

But they are very, very few. It is their scarcity which is the most eloquent witness to the almost unparalleled difficulty of the task.

This difficulty, to my mind, springs from a fundamental difference of kind between writing for children, and writing for adults: a difference far greater than that between writing for the groundlings and writing for the intellectuals: a difference so wide that it can never be bridged—one can only build on both sides of the gap at once, so that at least to the distant or casual observer the edifice shall appear to be a single, undivided whole.

For the moment let us take it for granted that we know what we mean by writing for adults, and that we are in happy agreement on all points concerning it. We can then concern ourselves entirely with that more alien architecture on the far side of the gap, with writing for children only.

But allow me a parenthesis first. On almost any subject one is prone to generalize too readily and too casually: but one is especially ready to say children this, and children that, as if "children" was a definite natural term like manganese dioxide. One forgets, in the excitement of argument, if not the truism itself, at least the truth of the truism that they are a parcel of individuals as unlike one another as adults. They may be as unlike as Julius Cæsar and Bottom the Weaver. It is highly dangerous to use the phenomena of a single example as the basis of a general law. It is as rash to affirm that, because one child (your own, perhaps,) likes this or that, "children" do, as to affirm that because your iceman reads the tabloids so do all Democrats.

But the pitfalls of generalization are even more cunningly hidden than that. The term "childhood" itself we use with an unholy looseness, to cover every age from babyhood to full adolescence, as if we supposed that every human life was neatly divided into two halves. Whereas it would be far truer to represent childhood itself as a series of successive periods so dissimilar that the changes from one to another are at least as drastic as those of adolescence (which is only the last of them): periods which have little in common except their unfamiliarity to the adult, their uniform opacity to the mature eye.

So, if I appear to make any definite statement about "children," I make it, be it understood, with the utmost diffidence. So far from claiming it to be true of all children, I hardly even claim it to be true of most children—I only suspect it to be. Further, by "childhood" I mean a fairly limited stage, which it is difficult to confine to any particular age but which is generally at its most characteristic between five and eight.

At any rate, this is the age to which the majority of books for children purport to be addressed.

Now, the strange things about this stage of mental development—strange to the adult human eye, at least, though perhaps not so strange to the eye of God—is its very democratic attitude towards Reason.

We all know, of course, that the logical system is only one of a great many possible systems of thought-association. But the Aristotelian hegemony of the last twenty-five hundred years has taught us to suppress and vilify all others, to deny them any validity. It is only with the advent of psycho-analysis that they have at last come in for serious consideration. But even psycho-analysis, though it may use illogical thought for its material, draws its conclusions from that material in a logical manner—as any science, in the present state of the meaning of the word science, is bound to do. Psycho-analysis, though recognizing for the first time their empirical importance, and the enormous extent of the dissident thinking which they govern, has done nothing yet to question the ultimate sovereignty of logic. It still retains its absolute validity, it still remains the system to which all other systems must finally be referred.

The new physics tells us that all possible "frames of space," though contradictory, are equally valid—that any search for a frame of ultimate, sovereign validity is not only impossible but also downright nonsense. The substitution of "systems of thought-association" for "frames of space" in this statement will give us, I think, a picture not too far-fetched to be of value in understanding one at least of the essential differences between the childish and the adult mind. For the latter, while recognizing the existence of other systems, looks upon one of them—logic—as having an especial, sovereign validity. But to the child, reason has no such peculiar validity, is hedged by no divinity. At most it is *primus inter pares*: and frequently its position is a humbler one even than that.

Now art is (to use a mathematical idiom) a function of mentality. It is perfectly true that a piece of literature even for adults which employed no system of thought-connection in its texture other than the purely logical would hardly deserve the name of literature at all. But it is equally true (except in the case of pure ecstatic poetry) that it is bound to take logic for the backbone, to relate all other systems to it. Especially is this true in the case of fiction: the skeleton, the main progression must be acceptable to reason (which, of course, is not at all the same thing

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by Richard Hughes

as saying it must necessarily be probable in nature) whatever the superstructure. But in writing for children, this is not necessary—not even desirable!

What logical connection of thought enters into a story for children enters there only on equal terms. It certainly has no patent to give itself airs.

WHAT books did you like as a child? How difficult it is to remember . . . at least, it is difficult to remember with absolute honesty. But try to compile a list: and then compare it with what your friends liked in their time—friends of your own age, friends of an older generation, and also those children that you are in contact with now.

There will be a few classics that will crop up in almost every list, perhaps: but hardly any that you will not find someone anxious to blackball, sooner or later—why, there are even plenty of children, otherwise normal little protanthropies, who detest "Alice in Wonderland." Probably almost the only noticeable feature of any such collection of lists will be their unlimited variety. Dickens, mythology, Scott, popular science, purple passion, Hans Andersen satire, nature study, adventure, Kipling, and sheer unadulterated uplift—all may be expected to find their places. And poetry. I know one little girl who detested reading of every kind until one day she happened to overhear a grown-up reading aloud a poem of Edith Sitwell's. "Read that again!" she demanded, for the first time in her life: and presently commandeered the book by force.

In short, such lists will be almost as varied as would be similar lists of the likes of adults. To consider them all would require the windy length of an encyclopedia, rather than the constriction of a periodical-article. And so, if I confine myself to the class which seems to me in some ways the most characteristic—namely, illogical fiction—it is not through bigotry, Gentle Reader.

* * *

It may be objected that if the mind of the adult is essentially logical, how can it possibly produce fiction that is truly illogical: fiction for children can only be written by children: and indeed, there is something in the objection. In a normal state it is, if not impossible, at least very difficult. And yet we all of us compose illogical fiction, reams of it, in our sleep. But that we do for our own purposes, not to order. The insistent "Tell us a story!" has proved the knell of many an otherwise fertile imagination. The power may be there, but it is dormant: it lacks the impulse.

But it is possible. Especially if one lives for a time in close companionship with children towards whom one is in no kind of a position of responsibility, even the bigoted adult mind slips surprisingly quickly into habits of purely associative thinking. Then, all that one needs to be able to tell stories as readily as dreaming is a slight initial impulse. My own recipe for that initial impulse is a simple one, but I have never known it to fail—and I suppose I must have told upwards of a thousand such stories, at one time or another. Ask each child in your audience for one, or perhaps two, ingredients for the story. One chooses an elephant, let us say, and one an aeroplane and one a lobster-trap and one a man with a luminous green face and one a prime minister. Immediately the imagination is off, starting from one, spinning its web to the next, and so on to the next and back again—one can hardly tell it fast enough. Of course, it is rather like tight-rope walking: one may easily be upset *en route*. For me, the presence of an adult in my audience is often enough to set me floundering hopelessly. And as might be expected, one seldom remembers afterwards much of what one has said. It passes, like the waves of the sea that leave no mark on the wind which produced them.

Yet even the waves of the sea mark the shore: and what the teller forgets the audience often remember with an almost verbal fidelity. I cannot "write" children's stories, I can only tell them in the way I have described. Such stories for children as I have published (mostly in English magazines) have been retold to me, sometimes as late as six months afterwards, by the children to whom they were told, and so taken down. Sometimes, when they were retold to me in this way, I recalled them: at other times they were as strange as if I had never heard them before. But I generally found, where it was possible to check up by having them told to me by two of the audience separately, that the form in which they came back to me must have been almost word for word the form in which they were first told.

I hasten to add that I do not necessarily claim any great merit for these stories of mine, other than what was inherent in their nature. Many of them were undoubtedly, even as illogic, sheer piffle, which might hold the audience at the time but were not remembered by them afterwards and did not deserve to be. At the same time, it would be highly interesting to know how the great masterpieces of illogical fiction came to be written. How came the story of the "Three Bears," which is imbedded in the amiable but surely not immortal bulk of "The Doctor," somewhat as the story of "Cupid and Psyche" is embedded in "The Golden Asse," into the mind of Laureate Southey? How did the White Rabbit first come to hurry across the imagination of that painstaking mathematician, the Rev. C. L. Dodgson? Had "Alice" herself perhaps some part in its genesis? Or must one look for it entirely in the imagery of the author's own sub-conscious?

There is another problem too, in connection with "Alice," that is no less interesting, and more possible of investigation. How comes it that of all the works of illogical fiction this particular one should receive the almost universal approbation of adults? It is easy to discount it, of course, by pointing to the hidden satire, the parodies of well-known poems, and so on: in short, to regard it as a supreme example of the sandwich. But there is more in it than that. "Alice" seems actually to appeal to adults *in the same way* that it appeals to children. There is a power, a vividness in its imagery that is not shared by its weaker brethren: so powerful, that it can upset for a time the very throne of logic itself: can turn the mind of an adult for the time being into the mind of a child. Just in what this superior force lies it is hard to say: but that it works in this way, there can be little doubt.

I was recently at the sick bed of a friend, a man in his forties, an eminent and enthusiastic architect who practically never read a book and certainly had no unusual liking for children. He was very ill, and most of the time delirious. In his delirium he was pestered by a horde of clients, demanding plaques, belvederes, heating-plants—but chiefly plaques. We tried every obvious means of routing them: notices

NO PLAQUES REQUIRED

and so on, were posted all over the room. For a time they worked: but the moment he took his eyes off them, back came the insistent horde. Then someone thought of reading him "Alice" and we read it for hours and hours. It worked. The imagery was so powerful, that although coming from without it was able to banish the imagery of his own delirium.

It is a far cry from a work like this, which can capture the adult by the sheer strength of its childishness to the sandwich proper, to the story which is continually gesticulating to the parent behind the child's back. I repeat that I mean no disrespect to these latter: a typical example of which is the "Christopher Robin" series, a more delicate one the lovely stories of Margery Williams Bianco. It is a churlish criticism, that the story pleases too many. But all the same I cannot help wishing that there were a larger body of literature for children only—the reservation being not due to any lack of merit, but only to its specialization.

Richard Hughes, author of the foregoing article, is a Welsh poet and novelist. His "The Innocent Voyage," a novel in which the life of young people is presented with much vivacity and skill, won much favor and praise upon its appearance last year. It was published in England under the title "High wind in Jamaica," and reissued in America this year with the same title. The portrait of Mr. Hughes which heads his article is by Pamela Bianco, who a few seasons ago was the sensation of a London writer as a child prodigy.

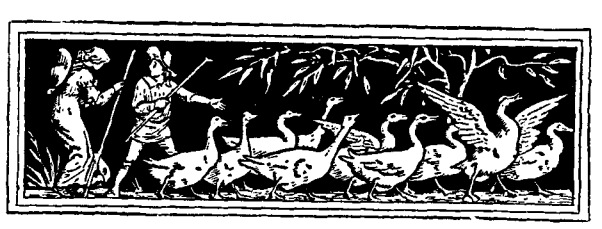

Illustration from Grimm's Tales (Macmillan).

And Still They Dig

DOUBLOONS: A story of Buried Treasure. By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

WHAT a difference a certain verb makes. Read this and yawn:

> Some of the jugs and bowls of glazed pottery have silver inlaid into the designs in lumps as big as the end of a man's thumb. There are six or eight gold wine jugs, many gold and silver drinking cups, somewhat resembling loving cups, and forty-five silver spoons.

Sounds like a prosaic museum catalogue.

And then read this, also from Mr. Driscoll's fascinating volume:

> A candlestick of curious design and ingenious workmanship *was found* in the tunnel leading to the bishop's house. . . . A handsomely wrought gold pitcher, with a gold bowl to match, *were found* near the skeletons.

See those italics and stop yawning! We're off for Spanish gold.

It is a beauty of this book of buried treasure that the author does not hurl this breath-taking information at you in the first chapter. You begin with the amazing tale of the treasure of Oak Island and learn that over a period of a century and a quarter shovels, drills, and good hard cash have been sunk in a pit in which almost nothing has been found. You chafe and fret. Why did the early diggers go at the treasure so haphazardly as to let in the sea and ruin the chances of the later, more scientific excavators?

* * *

You turn on to the treasure of Tobermory Bay and learn that millions in gold lie in a Scottish harbor beneath the rotted ribs of a Spanish galleon—that earls have fought over this treasure and found a few paltry doubloons and lost their heads, and that the millions still lie there in no more than sixty feet of water. And your own gold fever rises to the steaming point so that you ask, "But hasn't anybody found any treasure anywhere? Give me an instance of buried treasure actually recovered before I blow up."

So you read on, more and more feverish and frustrated, and at length, artistically tucked away in the middle of the book, you learn about Lt. George Williams and his radio gold locating machine. There is nothing haphazard about Lieutenant Williams. He has a machine—the only one of its kind, and no helpers wanted—and he finds gold. He finds it in old Panama City, digging it up from the tunnels in which it was hidden from the pirate Harry Morgan, and he finds it on the Cruces Trail, and in prehistoric caves in the state of Cocle and in the Chiriqui country. He has a concession from the Panama government, and though he was poor when he began digging for treasure in 1926 he is rich now—a thoroughly satisfactory figure to read about.

The rest of the book will be colored by your knowledge of this successful treasure retriever. The loot of the fabulously wealthy city of Lima and its disposal on Cocos Island—lives and fortunes have been spent in vain search for it. But you feel that when Lieutenant Williams has dug up the solid gold statue of the Virgin Mary and a few other unclaimed valuables mentioned in Panamanian history he will go to Cocos Island and find the loot of Lima. And the $150,000,000 cargo of gold and silver of the Spanish plate fleet sunk by the English in Vigo Bay in 1703 need no longer baffle treasure seekers. The owner of the one infallible machine will go there and find the precious metal when he has time or needs the money—and we'll read all about it in the news.

* * *

Although this record of lost treasure is not written particularly for children (the bloody pirates who buried it being handed you without sugar coating) I doubt if any child of reading years could set it down after turning the third page. And I don't see, for that matter, how any person of maturity could fail to find out all that the author has to tell about treasure trove. He gives truth where he has found it, admits the presence of romance where truth has been thinned by too frequent repetition, and writes often with his tongue in his cheek. Having chosen a glamorous subject, his pen gives it a further glamor which is irresistible.

Plans for the erection of a memorial to Francis Thompson are being discussed by the Ashton Town Council. The poet lived with his father, Dr. Thompson, for some years, and it is suggested that the memorial should take the form of a tablet in the wall of the house.

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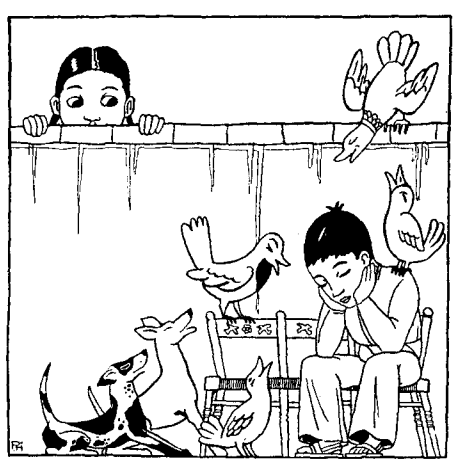
The Gossip Shop

By Rachel Field

WE have had singularly good luck in finding nice bookshops lately. First, there was the book department of Loring, Short & Harmon in Portland, Maine, where we were given the freedom of the shelves on our August and September visits. Then there was "The Bookshop" in Providence, at number Four Market Square, to be exact, which looked to us like the pleasantest of brick islands in the midst of traffic jams and one-way streets, when we went searching for juveniles a month or so ago. Here again we were most royally let alone after being given all the pencils and paper we needed by one of the firm's partners, Miss Elizabeth Lustig.

It was very good to be there and to find almost immediately an amusing French version of Hugh Lofting's "The Story of Mrs. Tubbs" as "La Mésaventure de Madame Popotte." The format of the book is the same as its American counterpart, and of course Mr. Lofting's own quaintly humorous illustrations accompany the simple French text. We think it ought to be an excellent plan to have such easy versions of popular juveniles for beginners in French.

Speaking of Hugh Lofting reminds us that he has added a charming "Afterword" to "Frawg" by a new author Annie Vaughan Weaver. "Frawg" is also published by Stokes and we can remember over a year ago Helen Dean Fish showing us some of the originals of Miss Weaver's little sketches of pickaninnies, yellow dogs, watermelons, and such. These she has made from actual



From "Painted Pig," by Elizabeth Morrow.

plantation scenes to go along with her stories. We have not had a chance to read the book yet, but it looks thoroughly delightful and a real bit snipped out of the American pattern. That in itself would endear it to us. Mr. Lofting turned his preface into an "Afterword" and we think it an excellent idea. We have always skipped prefaces and now after having read the book will know more about the author and how she came to write it. The end papers pleased us especially. They are slightly reminiscent of "The Green Pastures," only in this case it is a small darky boy's idea of heaven. Naturally it is a huge watermelon patch in which he and the cur dog may browse at will. We were glad to see that both the boy in overalls and his dog had been decked out with halos.

Very strange, deeply brilliant illustrations go with "The Painted Pig," that story of a Mexican child and a toy pig written by no less than ex-Ambassadress Morrow herself.

Count Renée d'Harnoncourt is responsible for the illustrations, as well as for the assembling and arranging of the exhibition of Mexican Art now on view at the Metropolitan Museum. Indeed, just such a painted clay pig as was the book's inspiration occupied an important place among Mexican toys and small glass and clay models, and excitement ran high on the opening day when the six-foot-something Count escorted his collaborator about the various exhibits, while the Lindberghs, appearing as mysteriously as if they had landed their famous plane on Central Park just outside, strolled from exhibit to exhibit. Lest we forget, the price of "The Painted Pig" is two dollars from A. A. Knopf, where may also be had another book on Mexico for young people by Susan Smith, whose "Made in America" of last year is the best book on American antiques we know, for the young, or any one else in fact.

Helen Dean Fish of Stokes has done the text for "When the Root Children Wake Up," a long famous German picture book with many colored pictures by Sibylle v. Olfers. This is the first time the book has been presented with an English text and we liked the simple, easy way it was handled.

When Rose Fyleman was in New York last winter she told us of her pleasure at living so many stories up in the Barbizon. She hinted then that she had done some more of her well known children's verses with an American background and now here they are out already in a new book called "Gay Go Up," just published by Doubleday, Doran Junior Books with illustrations by Decie Merwin. Two sections of the poems make use of the American scene,—"Winnipeg at Christmas," "Boston," and "Elevators" are some of their titles. We quote the second verse of the last named.

Down and down and down we go
Oh, such a marvellous rate!
But when we get to the ground I find
Part of me seems to be left behind
And lands a little bit late.

Well, we've all felt that way sometimes.

But to go back to the two other bookshops whose praises we began by singing. These are the South Hadley Bookshop just across the street from the Mt. Holyoke College campus, and the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton with Smith College at its own front door. Since we *almost* went to both of these institutions and lived on the banks of the Connecticut River for nine whole years, we naturally gravitated in this direction and the group of librarians of Western Massachusetts who allowed us to talk at their meeting were responsible. This took place in South Hadley,—a fortunate occurrence for us because Miss Phillips and Miss Adams of the Bookshop took us and our Scottie in. We can think of nothing pleasanter than just such a small inn above just such a bookshop as theirs, with Genevieve Taggard, the poet and recent biographer of Emily Dickinson, appearing in a red dress to eat dinner with us.

We shall always be glad to have seen the Hampshire Bookshop first on a rainy day, for that made the open fire, the old furniture, and the books and prints inside even more attractive. And then the excitement of discovering that its owner, Marion E. Dodd, shares our own enthusiasm for the State of Maine, and our envious admiration of the old Windsor chair with the arm wide enough to write a three-volume novel on. We couldn't help feeling that our whole life might be revolutionized by sitting an hour a day in such a chair, but probably it wouldn't really make any difference.

It is with very deep and genuine regret that we have learned that Anne Carroll Moore, head of the Children's Department of the New York City Library, will no longer conduct the Three Owls page of the *Herald Tribune Books*. Ever since the establishing of this review some five years ago, Miss Moore has handled this department, and since it has been the only weekly one dealing exclusively with books for children, it has become a great factor in the development of juveniles. Personally we feel that Miss Moore and this department have been largely responsible for the growing interest in children's books and for higher standards in judging and publishing them. Particularly has this helped in the matter of growing excellence in book-making, a line on which far too little imagination and intelligence had been expended. Although we understand that there will still be a page for juveniles in *Books*, we shall miss the special gifts of rich background, fine intelligence, and literary good taste which have always characterized Miss Moore's critical work. The Author, Artist, and Critic Owls which were Miss Moore's own invention will fly with her,—and we hope will find another distinguished place to roost.

Ilustration from "The Adventures of Pinocchio."

Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

With Scissors and Pen

SPARKY FOR SHORT. By Martha B. Bruère. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.

THE NUTCRACKER OF NUREMBERG. By Alexandre Dumas. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1930. $2.50.

NODDY GOES A PLOWING. By Margaret Baker. New York: Duffield & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Alice Van Leer Carrick

THESE are three as charming tales for children as have been published in a long time. "Sparky-for-Short," is a double achievement, and proves the author to be skilful with scissors as well as pen. Briefly, the story concerns itself with the adventures of the spark first imprisoned by Benjamin Franklin; a most ambitious spark, since, wearied of his successive captivities in Leyden jars, telephones, telegraphs, and wireless apparatus, he seizes the opportunity of slipping in between stations on a radio, and becomes the flat paper picture of Lost Boy. Only two dimensions, you see, length and breadth, but he possesses courage and wit and initiative, and makes a most agreeable companion for Jane and Bo, the two small children who, all unwittingly, have opened their radio door to him. Their adventures together are lively and agreeable; then Sparky has more on his own, very diverting escapes in the Central Park Zoo and adversities on the ocean. The book is well written and never banal—as so many instructive books for children often are; perhaps it is the high touch of fantasy that carries the tale along. But it is also full of fact and information, and yet these bits of knowledge are not at all dry-as-dust; Spark himself, the Kangaroo, and the Blue Crab—to mention a few of the characters—see to that. In short, it will be an excellent book for harrassed, unscientific mothers to read to children possessed of a "insatiable" curiosity. The scissored illustrations, white on black, are agile, fanciful, and full of swift motion; always the paper portraits of ideas rather than the more concrete flesh and blood. At times they are very decorative: the gulls in flight, the angry mother duck, and the ocean escapades are peculiarly full of this quality. And the white against black method—an infrequent expression of profile art found in the American "hole-in-the-doughnut" type, toyed with by British amateurs, and once importantly employed by Mrs. Leigh Hunt in her portrait of Lord Byron—is an infinitely better medium for illustrating the sense of the story than the more familiar black upon white would be.

"The Nutcracker of Nuremberg," by Alexandre Dumas, who borrowed the tale from Hoffman, is gay, delightful, and whimsical; indeed, so unlike the dreary weird tales of the German author that it is impossible not to suspect Dumas's rendering has given it a certain Gallic flavor, the *malice* you find in Perrault and miss in Grimm. Beginning with human beings in an eighteenth century setting in Nuremberg—a background to enchant any child since this old German city has always been the home of the most wonderful toys in the world—the scene melts into the realm of Faerie, and gentle little Marie, her ringlets like a "moving sheaf of gold," becomes the heroine whose devotion frees the young prince, long bewitched as a nutcracker, and together they go to the Marzipan Palace to reign over the Kingdom of Toys, and, as in all real fairy tales, live happily ever after. "The Nutcracker of Nuremberg" is told with a lively fancy, and the adult reader cannot help thinking how much the good Dumas, whose heart was in the kitchen quite as fervently as in his study, must have enjoyed describing the Christmas Forest and the City of Jam. The silhouette illustrations, cut by Else Hasselriis, a Danish profilist, are excellent, and, in a great measure, have recaptured the feeling of the eighteenth century, the golden age of the shadow-art. There's just a touch of burlesque—a very legitimate part of silhouette's province, by the way—in the shades of Godfather Drosselmeyer and in crisp scenes at the Palace of Princess Pirlipatine; the deliciously droll illustration, "The King Tasted the Sausages," is a cutting that any collector would be proud to own. One minor criticism is that a foreword speaks of silhouette as "a half-forgotten art." Actually, it has never died out; very fine, rather futuristic scissorgraphs were done in Germany just before the war; at the present time meticulous landscapes, so clever that all but the most wary would be deceived, are on sale in the antiquity market, and in our own day and country, the best profile cutting that has ever been known is the work of the adroit hands of the Baroness Evelina von Maydell, a Russian emigrée from the Baltic provinces. There is, however, a difference of method, Else Hasselriis snipping outward from the centre of the black paper, the Baroness sketching first and cutting afterwards.

Whether Mary Baker, who has made the very engaging shadow-illustrations for her sister Margaret's lovable tale, "Noddy Goes a-Plowing," works in the von Maydell school, it is difficult to say. But certainly there is a delicate similarity in the cutting of the accessories: the Duke's lace ruffles, the Duchess's lap-dog, Noddy's wind-blown hair, and the obliging Girl's straw hat and curly locks. Altogether it is a very winning book; pleasant words and beguiling shadows, they, as old Issaac Walton would say, "fall in most becomingly." It is the sort of story that, if you haven't children of your own, makes you long to rush out and borrow some of your neighbor's, so that you may read it aloud to them before an open fire. Of course, "Noddy Goes a-Plowing" is for very small children, the kind who love the rhythm of repetition like "Stick? Stick beat Pig," or the immortal tale of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." But, after all, little folk make the best of audiences, and Margaret and Mary Baker together have contrived for them a book that will be a lasting pleasure. They deserve high praise for the sincerity of spirit with which they have evoked time past in artless tale and blithe shadow.

From "Stars To-night," by Sara Teasdale (Macmillan). (*See page* 342)

The New Pinocchio

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO. By C. Collodi. Translated and adapted by Angelo Patri. Illustrated by Mary Liddell. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Margery Bianco

THE word "adaptation," particularly in connection with such a widely known and loved classic as Collodi's, is always a little suspect; one turns pages slightly on the defensive, ready to pounce on the first flagrant variation. The pouncer will in this instance find plenty of work if he or she takes the trouble to do so, but there is also a good case for the defence, otherwise Mr. Angelo Patri. The question is whether the translator's first preoccupation should be with the spirit or the text. Mr. Patri in his new version of Pinocchio has chosen to concern himself chiefly with the spirit; he has altered the text not a little in detail but he is so imbued with the spirit and atmosphere of the story that unless one is very familiar with the original it would be hard to lay finger on any particular departure. This is a delicate undertaking, only to be judged by its success, and the success here is evident.

All that constitutes the real Pinocchio is intact. Lovers of the old Pinocchio may find cause for quibbling but new readers will perhaps gain more of the life and color of Collodi's masterpiece from his adaptation that they would from a more faithful but less spirited translation. Mary Liddell's black and white decorations avoid the literal and have a delightful marionette quality very much in keeping with the book. Altogether this is a new Pinocchio but one that will make many friends.

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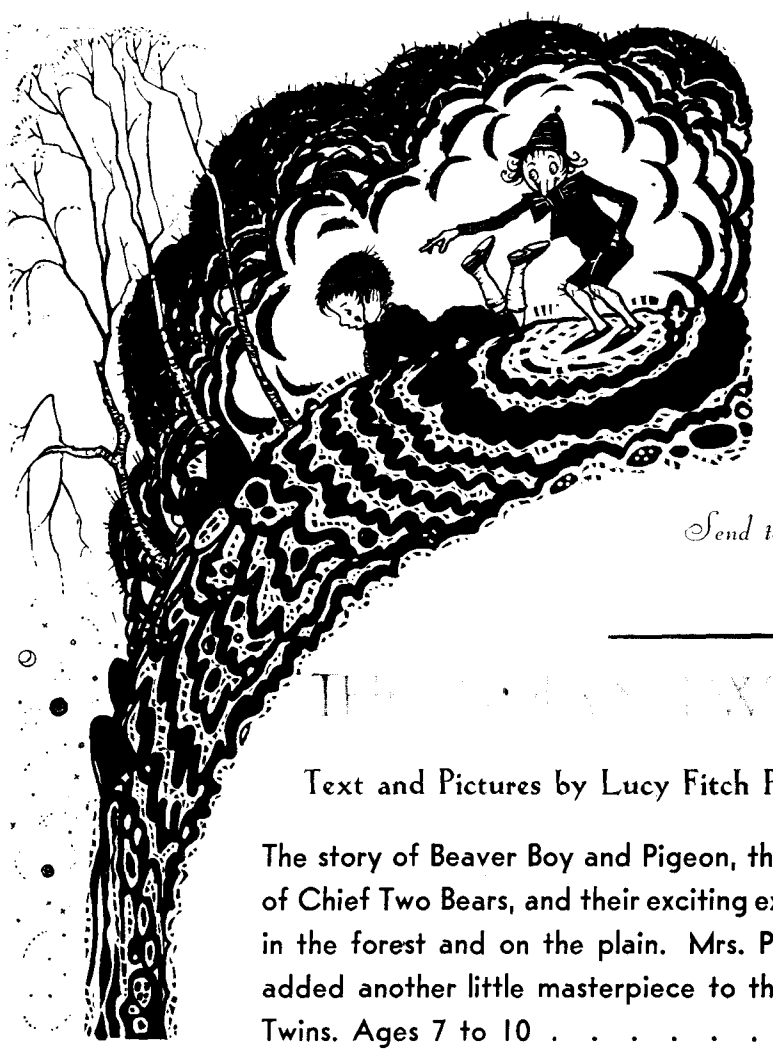

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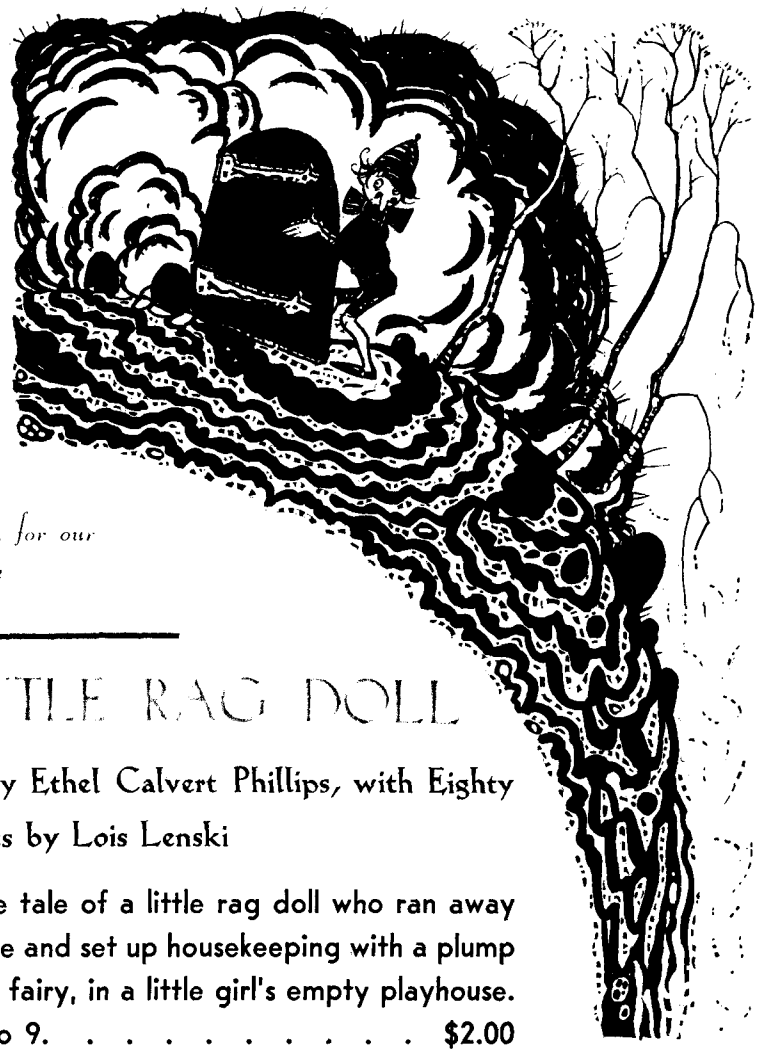

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With familiar Mother Goose characters as a starting point, Captain Hall has related a brand new series of adventures. Some of the pictures are reproduced on this page. Ages 5 to 8. . . . . $1.50

Text by Eliza Orne White, Scissor cuts by Lisl Hummel

There are two green doors in Hazel's life, one that leads into the make-believe country, and the one in the house across the street. By the author of "Sally in her Fur Coat." Ages 7 to 10. . . . . $2.00

Text by Margaret Ashmum, Pictures by Maginel Wright Barney

Susie's last name wasn't really Sugarbeet, but her father took care of the field of sugar-beets on a big farm. This little story has the joy in small things which delight the child. Ages 5 to 8. . . . . $2.00

[illegible]

Text by Josef Berger, Pictures by Dorothy Thomas

Come Along Smith Brown Jones plants dog biscuits instead of beans in the hope that the puppy dog crop will bring back his neighbor's two children who have gone looking for a puppy dog. Ages 6 to 9. $2.00

[illegible]

Text by Marjorie Hill Allee, Pictures by Hattie Longstreet Price

How lovely fifteen-year old Judith Lankester was transformed into a sturdy pioneer girl a century ago is the theme of this fine new story by the author of "Susanna and Tristram." Ages 10 to 15. . . $2.00

Text by Elizabeth Willis De Huff, Pictures by Fred Kabotie

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Pictures by Elizabeth Shippen Green

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Pictures by Robert Nathan

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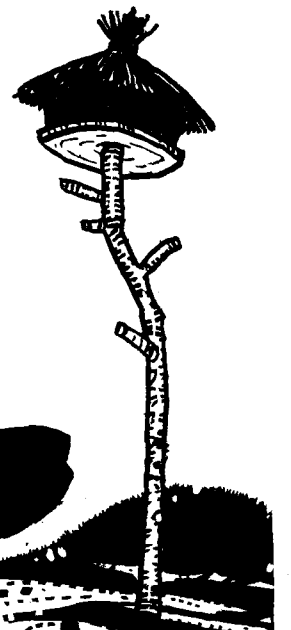
Marjorie Wilson
Pictures by Mary Ball

The adventures of two umbrellas and their owners. Ages 5 to 8 . . . . . $1.75



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LITTLE PRINCESS NINA
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The favorite book by Russia's best-known juvenile author.
Illustrated. $1.75
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The Tartar Princess *2.00*
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●

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In addition to the new book by Mrs. Rankin, featured elsewhere on this page, are the following popular titles:
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The Adopting of Rosa Marie
The Girls of Highland Hall
The Cinder Pond
The Girls of Gardenville
The Castaways of Pete's Patch
Gipsy Nan
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●

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MORE TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS
THE ADVENTURES OF HAROUN ER RASCHID
Edited by Frances J. Olcott
The first is illustrated in color by M. S. Orr, the last two by Willy Pogany.
$2.00 each

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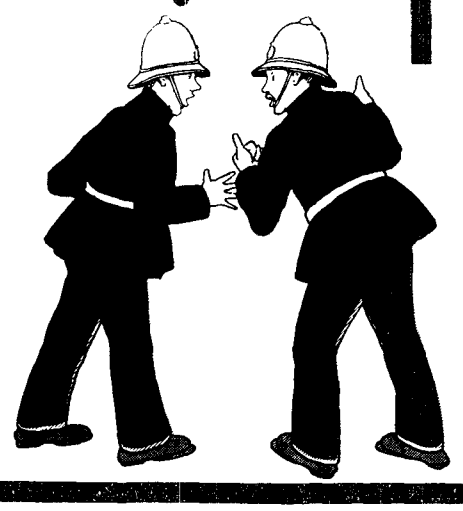


POEMS FOR CHILDREN
By Walter De La Mare

Here is Walter de la Mare's own selection of his poems for young people, including more than a score of new and heretofore unpublished verses. The book of course contains all the old favorites from such familiar volumes as Peacock Pie, Down-Adown-Derry, A Child's Day, etc., and the new poems are quite as delightful as the old. $2.50
De luxe edition of 280 signed copies $10.00

TURN AGAIN TALES
By Laurence Housman

Laurence Housman is one of England's most delightful writers of children's tales and in this new volume have been collected seventeen of his best liked stories. The book contains a wealth of illustrations, both in color and in black-and-white, by many well-known English artists. $2.50

THE SILVER SHELL
By Mary Ellen Chase

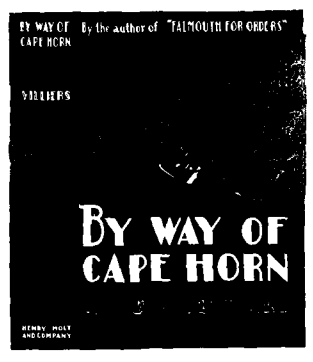
AUTHOR OF
MARY CHRISTMAS, THE GIRL FROM THE BIG HORN COUNTRY, ETC.

Miss Chase, one of our most versatile authors, has here written a story based upon life in her native state of Maine. The hardships of that rugged coast during the severe winters are strikingly depicted and the book will be thoroughly enjoyed by girls and boys from nine to thirteen. Illustrated. $1.75

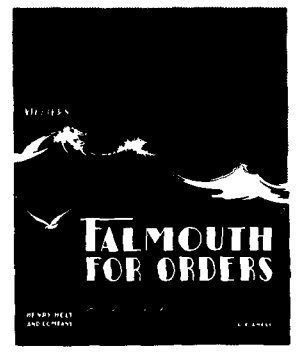
FINDERS KEEPERS
By Carroll W. Rankin

AUTHOR OF
DANDELION COTTAGE, GIPSY NAN, THE ADOPTING OF ROSA MARIE, ETC.

In this story for boys and girls from eight to twelve Mrs. Rankin relates in her own charming style the adventures of the Bailey family on a motoring vacation, during which they acquire a lost girl, an orphan boy and a desolate dog and cat. Illustrated. $1.75



TWO NAUTICAL CLASSICS BY A. J. VILLIERS



"Amazing, unforgettable."
—William Lyon Phelps

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

While "By Way of Cape Horn" was in no sense written as a juvenile, we venture to state that no finer book for boys in their teens will appear this year than this magnificent account of the heroic voyage of one of the last Cape Horners.
"A stirring account of the sea for older boys."
—Anne Carroll Moore, in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.

"A book to rank with the few genuine classics of the sea."
—Dorothea Laurance Mann, in the Boston Transcript.

"What those boys did in the Grace Harwar is well-nigh incredible and perfectly magnificent."—William McFee, in the N. Y. Sun. Illustrated. $3.50

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS

When this book appeared last year, the nautical experts were united in proclaiming that Mr. Villiers had written a classic worthy to rank with Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

"A full-fledged nautical classic."—Lincoln Colcord.
Illustrated. $3.50
FALMOUTH and CAPE HORN boxed together, ***$7.00***

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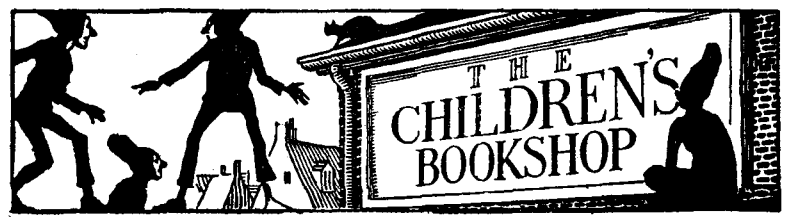


In Days of Old

THE DAUNTLESS COMPANY. By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND. New York: The Century Company. 1930. $1.75.

THE MARCH OF THE IRON MEN. By VERNON QUINN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1930. $2.

THE KING'S SPURS. By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $2.

THE SINGING SWORD. By MARK POWELL HYDE. The same. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN these four books, all medieval in their setting, and all intended for boys in their early 'teens, all capitalizing in different ways the appeal that the rough adventurous life of the days of Ivanhoe has for boyhood, one finds a cheering level of competence both in writing and in careful historical detail. And one finds, perhaps, as well, in comparing them, a fruitful suggestion as to how the Middle Ages may be most entertainingly and instructively presented to young readers. "The Dauntless Company" tells how a party of French youths set out for the Holy Land at the time of the "Children's Crusade," how they were shipwrecked on the coast of Asia Minor, rescued and taken to the court of the Latin Emperor at Constantinople, how they made their way thence overland to Palestine and finally, by the grace of an Arab chieftain, saw Jerusalem, their goal, before returning home. The story is crisply told, spiced with hairbreadth adventures on every page, and manages a kind of panoramic picture of the Crusaders and their enemies in the beginning of the thirteenth century.

Illustration from "With Morgan on the Main" (Knopf).

But the picture is by no means so clear as that contained in Mr. Vernon Quinn's "The March of the Iron Men," a short boys' history of the Crusades from the Council of Clermont in 1095 to Edward Longshank's campaign at Acre nearly two hundred years later. Mr. Quinn mixes history and legend, and of two chroniclers chooses always the more picturesque rather than the more reliable, but he keeps close enough to the main facts, and sometimes, as in the account of Richard Cœur de Lion's futile knight errantry, or in the story of St. Louis's ill-fated expedition into Egypt, where he leans heavily—as who would not?—on the Memoirs of the inimitable Sieur de Joinville, achieves a picture that would satisfy all but the most critical historian. But the notable thing is that Mr. Quinn has also achieved by far the more readable book. His battles are more exciting—and there are a great many more of them—and as for his characters, what groups of boys' book heroes would not pale beside Tancred and Godfrey de Bouillon, and who could hope to invent adventures as thrilling as those that actually befell the crusaders?

Like the "Dauntless Company," "The King's Spurs" is a tale laid in the beginning of the thirteenth century with an imaginary hero. This time the scene is in northern France, where young Guibert du Guesclin, son of a knight of Champagne (but isn't Guesclin a Breton name?), after being expelled from his father's castle by a bold Norman robber baron, and serving a rough apprenticeship as squire of the body to another rough baron, "The Wolf of the Ardennes" (no relation except perhaps in spirit to the de la Mark of "Quentin Durward"), finally wins knighthood and his spurs from the hand of the King himself at Bouvines, "where France," Mr. Carter tells us with persuasive eloquence" (following M. Funck-Brentano), "found her national soul." The story contains the customary elements of love, war, tourneys, and rivalries in about the usual proportions and, though the characters are mere lay figures, is consistently readable. But real pains have been lavished on the details of daily life, the dress, the food, the amusements, and on the picture of the fair, the economy of the castle, the ceremonies of the tilt-yard, and any boy who reads it will finish with a pretty clear idea of the external life of the nobles in the time of Philippe Auguste, painlessly conveyed.

Of the external life. From the real spirit of the thirteenth century "The King's Spurs," and, I am afraid, "The Dauntless Company" too, is miles away. Don't say that that must necessarily be so in a boy's book. "The Singing Sword" is straight out of the Middle Ages. It is a paraphrase and adaptation of portions of the cycle of romances about Ogier the Dane, and its fights, its loves, its boasting breathe the very spirit of the thirteenth century. Not of the ninth, of course, though the story is laid at the court of Charlemagne. These paladins and enchanters, princesses in distress and chivalrous Saracens have nothing to do with the cold facts of history. But they have everything to do with its spirit; they are what chivalric Europe loved to hear about for three hundred years, and no one can read of them without experiencing some thrill of kinship with that simpler and more stirring time. The "Singing Sword," which takes from the Middle Ages most directly, and with least change of any of these books, is not only the most valuable for any real teaching of history, any teaching which seeks to convey not merely a dry bundle of facts but a living sympathy with another time, but also easily the most fascinating story of the four. It is designed for boys again in their early 'teens, but it ought to charm any reader who is willing to become as young as the thirteenth century.

SINGING SEAMEN. By HELEN COALE CREW. New York: The Century Company. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by AGNES CARR VAUGHAN

IN a year in which the literary world has united to commemorate the anniversary of Virgil's birth it is pleasant to find that the children have not been forgotten. For them, under the attractive title "Singing Seamen," Helen Coale Crew has retold the story of the hardships and the adventures of Æneas.

To transform the Æneid into a tale for children Miss Crew has used a device that affords good opportunity for entertainment. She has selected from the followers of Æneas one hundred young Trojans who are to be turned by Palinurus into Singing Seamen. Around six of the youngest the story is to be reworked.

But the device has not been handled with complete success. Certain of her opportunities Miss Crew has taken advantage of. Ascanius and his friends (and how difficult it is not to visualize them in Boy Scout regalia going through setting-up exercises under the vigilant eye of Palinurus), clamber on a pile of logs to see the ship races off the coast of Sicily. In another episode, when Lavinia invites Juturna to spend the night with her, and the two girls escape through the bedroom window, Ascanius and his pals surprise them dancing in the moonlight. They readily make friends and when the party breaks up, the boys offer their backs to assist the young ladies in gaining the safety of their bedroom. Here and in other, similar episodes which are Miss Crew's own contribution, she is at her best. The descriptions, particularly, are often good.

But the appearance of the six youngsters is too intermittent. Too frequently, when Æneas is in critical action, the reader is not conscious that the boys are present. The sporadic prominence of the young heroes is perhaps due to the conflict between Miss Crew's wish to be faithful to the Latin and to classic restraint and her desire to stimulate the interest of her youthful audience. This lack of a unified conception is the fundamental weakness of the book. Another weakness is her failure to comprehend the dramatic possibilities of the supernatural in her original. She interprets Juno and Venus as two meddling old women!

Classic restraint has its place, but with Troy in flames it is annoying to read that Æneas sat "disconsolate." He is "sad" when the shade of his wife appears before him. It is "pitiful" to see the corpse of King Priam lying in his own courtyard. Yet at times Miss Crew descends to such expressions as "dumbhead," "sling a dirty job," and other slang. The dreamlike unreality engendered by the ponderous phraseology elsewhere is not broken by these lively colloquialisms. Miss Crew's dialogue is not always convincing.

The carefully executed illustrations by Richard Rodgers are interesting, but we wish they were more exciting. The Cyclops is not nearly so picturesque or so horrible as we have always thought him.

METTEN OF TYRE. By HELENA CARUS. Illustrated by VERA BOCK. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HELEN COALE CREW

WHEN the little new-born lad to whom this book is dedicated has lost his milk-teeth, escaped from kindergarten, and acquired the alphabet, he will find a very pleasant book, delightfully illustrated, at his elbow. Whether or no he has heard of Tyre, he will be pleased with the gray seas, the tossing ships, the busy harbors, the traders, the pirates, and all the goings and comings of the Phœnician people—the "purple men" of the Greeks—in a long gone century, at a time when they were the shipbuilders *par excellence* on the Mediterranean and the more or less peaceful masters of the sea.

Metten's father, Ethbaal, is a shipmaster, and Metten is taken by him on a voyage up the Nile, and on another voyage to far-off Britain for tin. The author has chosen for her story the time when King Solomon of Jerusalem is preparing to build a great temple to Jahweh (or Jehovah), and has arranged with King Hiram of Tyre for cedars of Lebanon, for stone, and for able artificers from Tyre to aid in the beautifying of the temple.

There is, unfortunately, very little effort at characterization. Metten's mother and sister are very shadowy figures. Ethbaal has but one outstanding characteristic—his pedagogical love of imparting facts to his son in season and out. On one occasion, for example, after a lively skirmish between his ship and a pirate ship on the Nile, he feels constrained to explain to his son just how the Egyptian people make paper from the papyrus plant. On another, the little Ilissa, who evidently inherits her father's love of explaining things, asked to tell how she made a piece of cloth, explains the whole process from the fleece on the sheep's back to the dyed roll, in language not the language of a little girl, but the language of a school teacher.

PIRATE'S DOOM. By ADMIRAL E. R. G. R. EVANS. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN D. WHITING

ADMIRAL E. R. R. R. Evans has a distinguished record as a sailor, explorer, and fighter. It was he who commanded H. M. S. *Broke* that famous night in the British channel when men boarded the enemy's ships "as it was in the days of long ago and as it still shall be." That alone makes anything which he writes of immediate interest to the American public.

If the pen is mightier than the sword it is also more ticklish to handle. But "Pirates Doom" is a rollicking yarn, full of the brave, reckless, briny smell of the ocean. It is frankly a theatrical melodrama, where the scuppers run with far from innocent blood, and men recover from wounds with astonishing ease. But the stage is gay with the gorgeous costumes of those swarthy villains, the gentlemen rovers, and the mystery which cloaks their sinister doings keeps up from beginning to end.

Unlike most books, "Pirates Doom" improves as it goes on, and is most convincing in its final chapters. It begins, in fact, with a rather usual lay-out. Then, about the time when Rat-o-the-Main masters the *Maid of Mogador*, the plot thickens in a literal sense, and thereafter Admiral Evans also masters his craft. As one might expect, he is at his best in describing ships and storms at sea and one only regrets that he hasn't allowed himself more of this sort of description. Of course, a boy's book must have plenty of action, but doesn't action only become exciting when a background exists to make it real and convincing?

However, "Pirates Doom" is vastly entertaining, and ought to find a wide juvenile market. If young Blaise and his friend are not very real people, the pirates are solid, especially Smooch, the fat, moon faced man with a lugubrious mien. Rat-o-the-Main is a picturesque figure in his borrowed raiment, and Red Castaban, just glimpsed in the darkness, looms brutally as a sinister menace. He is another proof that tragedy just suggested is much more effective than tragedy in the daylight.

The book is written in staccato form, which makes it rather difficult reading. But then, who has ever achieved, for boys, the magic touch of Stevenson?

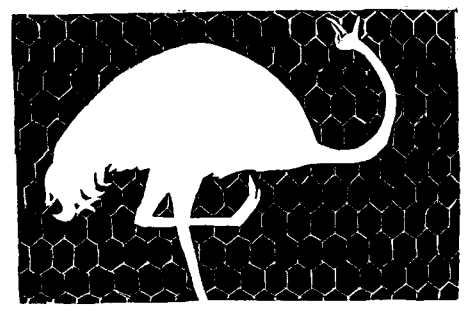
The Ostrich

By EDNA A. COLLAMORE

THE ostrich is a sane and silent bird,
She makes the hen seem fussy and absurd;
She lays fresh eggs of fine, heroic size
On glaring sands beneath indifferent skies,
Strolls calmly off, without one backward stare,
And leaves them lying undefended there.

She is not plaintive, arrogant, nor vain,
Does not apologize, does not explain,
But mutely leaves her eggs to meet their fate.
(A feat that author folks might emulate.)

The eggs that addle after she is gone—
Let them be credited to one Anon.
The eggs that burst their shells and grow and thrive
Themselves must tell the world why they're alive,
Themselves must give their message, speak their word.
Prudent, sagacious, unpretentious bird!



Three New Translations

THE AMBER BEAD. By TONI ROTHMUND. Translated from the German by WINIFRED KATZIN. Illustrated by ERNST KUTZ. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.

GOLDEN FEATHER. By LUIGI CAPUANA. Translated by DOROTHY EMMRICH. Illustrated by MARGARET FREEMAN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930.

WANDA AND GRETA AT BROBY FARM. By AMY PALM. Translated from the Swedish by SIRI ANDREWS. Illustrated by FRANK MCINTOSH. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.

"THE AMBER BEAD" will remind some readers of another German tale, "The Adventures of Mario." Here also is a child, a little girl in this case, brought up by a mysterious old herbwoman in the country, and here also the various animals play a large part in the tale. But where Bonsels's story tends to be realistic, in "The Amber Bead" the fairy tale element enters and Heide's feathered and four-footed friends converse with her and take her into their confidence. There is humor in it and amusing gossip and a good deal of pleasant byplay. Children who like books about animals, and who do not mind the little stretch of imagination by which birds and beasts take on much of the character of human beings in their various plots and intrigues, will be delighted with it. Together with the fantasy there is much real lore of wild animals and their ways. The amber bead, Heide's only link with her past, is the talisman by which, with the help of the birds, she finds her way back to her lost home. There is a friendly and charming quality both in the story itself and the way it is told, which one feels has lost none of its spontaneity in translation.

Capuana's fairy tales are of the popular old-fashioned kind, kings and queens and cobblers and the occasional homely clatter of pots and pans. They are not without some hearty slapstick, and rely on humor, quickness of action, and the unexpected turn. The land which produced harlequin and pantaloon has inspired also these stories and the same spirit pervades them. There is no sentiment, but plenty of fun and laughter. Each story is like an apple, round and crisp with a pungent tang. Miss Emmrich's translation is excellent and Margaret Freeman, who also illustrated the earlier volume, "Italian Fairy Tales," has caught the spirit well in her drawings.

From Sweden comes a homely, unobtrusive little story of two small girls and their summer on a shoreside farm. Wanda and Greta have enough in common with little girls the world over to find immediate friends. This little chronicle reminds one somewhat in character of certain of the Alcott stories, and contrives the same interest out of simple, everyday things. We think it should interest other little girls very much. The colored drawings are gay and arresting, but their stylized character seems rather too great a contrast to the naturalness of the story.

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A Sheaf of Picture Books

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

Ilustration from "Why the Bee Is Busy" (Macmillan).

ON the desk before me as I write are eighteen of the Fall crop of picture books, as bright in their gay wrappers as the apples reddening on nearby trees. There is the same perennial gayety about them,—September means more red apples and more picture books though markets crash and learned gentlemen meet to discuss the affairs of nations and give us dismal statistics. I, for one, rejoice that this is so. I am very fond of red apples on twisted trees and of books in clear yellows, reds, sky blues, and unabashed magentas.

Of this season's lot it will be hard to find any gayer than "Something Perfectly Silly" (Knopf: $2.50), a series of light-hearted and inconsequential limericks by Marni Wood, with truly gorgeous pictures in full color by Harrie Wood, the illustrator, who made such satisfactory drawings for last year's "Made in America." Mr. Wood infuses his pictures with a spirited vigor and zest that make them unforgettable. They make a vivid procession across the pages: mincing ladies in green bustles; penguins in a frozen north; cavaliers on strawberry horses; drummers in uniform, and amazing animals, real and imaginary. The colored "Nursery Rhymes" of the late Claud Lovat Fraser have quite evidently been Mr. Wood's inspiration, and they are the sort that would have pleased the creator of "The Beggar's Opera" costumes heartily. I could not help wishing that some of the limericks had been up to the illustrations that accompanied them. Many were amusing, especially those dealing with animals, but others, like the one about the soprano who wouldn't reduce in order to sing "Mimi," seemed forced and out of keeping with such a picture book. Not that one wants driveling or sentimental verses, but the humor ought to be natural, and the ideas should be simple and clear enough to be within the range of a small child's intelligence.

From the same Juvenile Department also comes Emma L. Brock's "To Market! To Market!" (Knopf: $1.75), about which I have been hearing rumors since Spring. In format and general characteristics it is a companion piece to "The Runaway Sardine," one of last year's nicest picture books. Miss Brock has an unusual gift, not only for doing very lively and individual illustrations, but for writing excellent text to go with them. In these two books of hers there is charming foreign background for a child to absorb. Here it is a small Dutch town, with people going to market behind high carts; with big brass milk cans; market stalls in cobbled squares; windmills, dykes, and all the queer sounding names that bring Holland across the water between the covers of a book. All the details in the make-up are well managed. The hand-lettering is simple and well spaced and never interferes with the reading. Miss Brock's use of the rough, rather furry line, in black and one contrasting color is extremely successful and will doubtless be copied by others less successfully next year.

Another large and brightly colored picture book hails from the Oxford University Press ($1.25). It is called "The Duck and His Friends" and the originator, Fletcher White, has rather cleverly made use of letter blocks spelling the names of the animals he is picturing.

Another artist who has taken to writing his own text is Kurt Wiese, whose pictures for "Bambi" and other books have had a special vogue in the last few seasons. In "Liang and Lo" (Doubleday, Doran: $1.50) Mr. Wiese has told in a delightfully naïve and pleasant manner the adventures of two small Chinese boys, Liang and Lo, who set forth on the back of an obliging buffalo to hunt down a real dragon. There is a great charm in the telling, simplicity, naturalness, and a sense of place. As for the colored pictures that follow on every page, to my mind these are some of the very best he has ever made. There are strange browns here, that seem to have come out of the brown mud of ancient rivers; flat greens and Chinese blues that are rich and strange. Only a man who remembers his own small boyhood could have done such a book as this one.

The Haders, Berta and Elmer, are responsible for four picture books so far, but how many more they may have put out is beyond me, for I can never keep pace with the creations of this gifted pair. One is their own interpretation of Mother Goose (Coward-McCann: $3.50), which according to its publishers, the Haders have been working on for twelve years. Some of the smaller pictures and the end papers have a good deal of humorous action and charm, but the full page illustration proved something of a disappointment. Two others are illustrations for simple stories of jungle life by Hamilton Williamson, who did "A Monkey Tale" last year (Doubleday, Doran: 75 cents each), and the other they have written and pictured themselves. The latter is called "Lions and Tigers and Elephants Too" (Longmans, Green: $1.25). This is an account, in not particularly good verse, of a little girl's visit to a city Zoo. Children will no doubt enjoy it, for the pictures are realistic and gaily colored, and the Haders have a real knock of creating humorous animals and nice everyday children looking at them. But the book as a whole left me wishing that these two clever artists had worked, or rather thought, a little more over it. It bears signs of hurry at times, and the verse could have been so much more distinguished with just a little more care. Their pictures for the two Williamson books, "Little Elephant" and "Baby Bear," are in quite another class. Here the lines are few and the illustrations have a vigorous charm that is very delightful. "Baby Bear" particularly shows fine action in a mere line or two. The little Cub has real character, giving reality to the simple text. The color is not as successful in both of these books

Illustration from "Johnny Appleseed" (Macmillan).

as the black and white work, but both are remarkable examples of the well-planned and executed picture books for little children being put out at a small price.

"The White Kitten and the Blue Plate," both written and illustrated by Inez Hogan (Macmillan: $1), is another proof that attractive books may be brought out inexpensively if artist, publisher, and printer all work together sympathetically. Here is a dollar book for very young readers which it seems to me could not be bettered. The little tale is simple and lively, told in the Hans Andersen manner, but in no way derivative from him; the text is printed in clear black type, easy to read and yet decorative; and the pictures are well spaced and full of action. Two colors only and the black outline have been used, but the handling is so skilful as to suggest more. The unpretentiousness of the little book is perhaps its greatest charm.

Two more dollar books from the same company also deserve special words of praise. One of these, "Penny Whistle," a nonsense tale, written and illustrated by Erick Berry, is certain to be pounced upon by children and seized with relief by adults wishing to provide a half hour's entertainment. Yes, "Penny Whistle" is really quite irresistible with his round, black body, his round eyes, and wide African smile. No matter what befell him in the jungle whither he went to find another note for his famous whistle, he remained cheerful and smiling, even when sailing the river in his Pappy's high silk hat. Of course, the story is modeled on "Little Black Sambo," whose popularity grows and grows with every year; it has the same repetitional quality that young children demand and that sense of fun which is infectious enough to carry across from paper and print. It is sure to be a favorite. The other Macmillan dollar book is "The Little Wooden Farmer," by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Theodora Baumeister. Miss Dalgliesh, who has been for sometime in charge of the pre-school work at Teachers College, has evolved the text from actual story telling and play activities among very little children. The stories concern the doings of those small wooden toy people and animals that can be bought for a few cents over almost any toy counter. The idea is to have children actually play out these stories with little wooden farmers, spotted dogs, and fat pigs of their own. Here again the text is simple and full of easy repetitions, so that a sort of primitive rhythm is achieved, making memorizing easy. The idea is excellent and practical, and there is also a chance for children who hear the stories read to add incidents of their own to the small wooden dramas. I could not feel that the accompanying illustrations were all they might have been. They seemed to me to fall between realistic pictures and those which would have given a sense of the toys in terms of actual wood. Some modern German or Austrian artist would have caught the spirit better to my way of thinking. Nevertheless it is a very gay and helpful book.

"The Small Man and the Tall Man" (Lippincott: $1) is another book for which the artist has also supplied the story. In this case he is not quite so clever with words as with pen and brush. The story is of a man who drank a bottle of magic. This made him no bigger than a grasshopper at first, then later he grew so big he had to retire to the sky as there was no room for him anywhere else. The idea is engaging enough, but the story does not live up to its possibilities, and the ending is so unfinished that any child would feel dissatisfied. The pictures are gay and crudely modern, but with real spirit and vigorous action. Whether children really take to modern illustrations is something I have never been able to discover. I have a notion they are pretty conventional in their tastes; however, for its type this book is good. Certainly there is nothing wishy-washy about it.

"Bird in the Bush" (Dutton: $2) has verses about a certain farm, the flowers, birds, insects, and other inhabitants of it, with pictures made by the author, Grace Taber Hallock. It would have been wiser to have had someone else illustrate it, for the drawings, while accurately done, have no charm or spirit, and the little verses themselves would make pleasant reading for a child going to visit on a farm.

Michael Gold has turned his hand to a juvenile of a very different sort. This is called "Charlie Chaplin's Parade" (Harcourt, Brace: $1) and is indeed all that the title implies. Otto Soglow, of the *New Yorker*, has made illustrations that are genuinely American down to the ugliest hot dog stand. Small boys who hail the comic strips with joy each Sunday will certainly be its ardent readers, and there are many amusing, modern touches in the story of the little boy who had to stay home in bed and who dreamed that Charlie Chaplin himself came to arrange a parade for his benefit. There were times when it seemed rather cheap and far fetched, and then again one felt a real attempt to put a small city boy of today and his reactions to his world on paper. Certainly it is trying for something which has as yet not been expressed by anyone writing for children today. The idea is worth experimenting with, whether one happens to like the present result or not.

"When Star Children Play" (Longmans, Green: $1.50), from the German of Gertrud J. Klett, with pictures by Anneliese von Lewinski, seems a rather feeble piece of work all round, though the color reproducton is fair. "The Dwarfs' Railway" (Longmans, Green: $1.50) is translated from the German by Joseph Auslander, with pictures by Ernst Kutser. The latter are gaily colored and full of humor and action of a quaint German fairy tale sort. One finds one's self wondering what a poet like Joseph Auslander had to do with the very doggerel translation of the verse which has been done in the most literal manner. Here is a sample, picked at random:

They give him a lift, the little mouse,
Straightway to his tiny house.
How beamed the happy mother then
When she her baby saw again!

One of the co-authors of "The Winged Horse" surely could have done better than that!

In marked contrast to this is "The Forest Party" by Louis Moe, (Coward-McCann: $2.00). Here is another imported picture book, in this case, one already popular in Denmark, with the color particularly clear and fresh, though less spectacular than those of the Petersham, Hader, and Wood type. On the whole I believe children like it better.

And now I come to "Angus and the Ducks," by Marjorie Flack (Doubleday, Doran: $1), having saved him till last because I have a particular weakness for Scotch terriers, and this brief account of one especially curious member of the clan has tickled me as much as the four- and five-year-olds for whom the book is ostensibly done. Whoever Marjorie Flack may be, she knows Scotch terriers, and she can put their ridiculous, bristling coated bodies on paper. Angus had inadequate legs, but his curiosity spurred him on to a terrible encounter with the two ducks who lived the other side of the garden hedge. Old and young will chuckle as they turn its pages, for Angus in his boisterous puppy days is ageless. Who could resist his face peering from under the sofa; or his interest in the dog in the mirror; or the stiffness of his back as he drinks at the duck's watering trough? But I forgot that I was supposed to be discussing a picture book. Angus is like that.

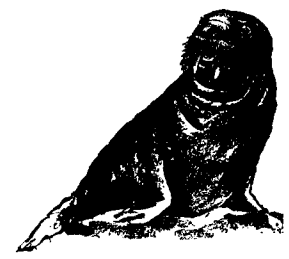

Illustration for "Wallie the Walrus" (Coward-McCann).

Good Plays For Children

PATCHWORK PLAYS. By RACHEL FIELD. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $1.25.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

IT would seem easy to write plays for children. In truth, it is woefully difficult, as is proved by the exceeding paucity of good plays for children to act. For the child play is not exempt from dramatic law. It must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. It must tell an entertaining story through cogent action and dialogue. It must be good, even though simple, theatre. And then there are other distinctive requirements. Neither in emotional content nor characterization should it lie outside the child's experience. It may deal with grown-ups, but as the child sees them, which is quite different from the way they view themselves. It should be pure in thought and word, without, however, mawkish goody-goodiness or false ethics. It should be brisk, vivid, and picturesque. Above all it must appeal to the imagination. It must have something in it of wonder and magic. For to the child the world is not drab or tragic. Rather it is a kaleidoscope of colorful change and fascinating possibilities.

Rachel Field knows all these things. And, what is more rare, she has the ability to put them into practice. Therefore, she has already to her credit many deservedly popular books of stories and plays for children. In this volume she gathers together five new plays under a title suggested by the opening play, "Polly Patchwork." This is a dramatization in three scenes of her well-known story of the same name, and tells how Polly's odd patchwork gown worked a miracle and won for her a spelling match, thereby lifting its timorous little wearer to the pinnacle of school fame. "Little Square Toes," a play for three girls, contrasts the naturalness and freedom of Indian life with the constriction and formality of the early Puritan, relating how seven-year-old Remembrance, stolen from her Deerfield home in King Philip's Wars, returns for a brief and disappointing visit to her former companions, whom she finds working industriously on intricate samplers. A gay little sketch is "Miss Ant, Miss Grasshopper, and Mr. Cricket," which, "with a special bow to Mr. Æsop," portrays Mr. Cricket and his guitar as properly chivalrous to forlorn Miss Grasshopper in her plight of hunger and cold. With their *penchant* for animal, bird, and insect impersonation children will love to act this old fable in these new sprightly terms. "Chimney Sweeps's Holiday" is the most ambitious and longest play in the collection, and for that very reason perhaps the least successful, as it verges on the diffuse. However, it gives variety, and offers opportunity for old English folk songs and dances, while in its requirement of an all-boy cast it will meet a need. The last play, "The Sentimental Scarecrow," is altogether delightful. It has whimsy and appeal.

Without resort, then, to sprites or witches, these little plays have a fairy-book ring that will prove enticing to the child actor. Moreover, children will enjoy reading the plays, or hearing them read.

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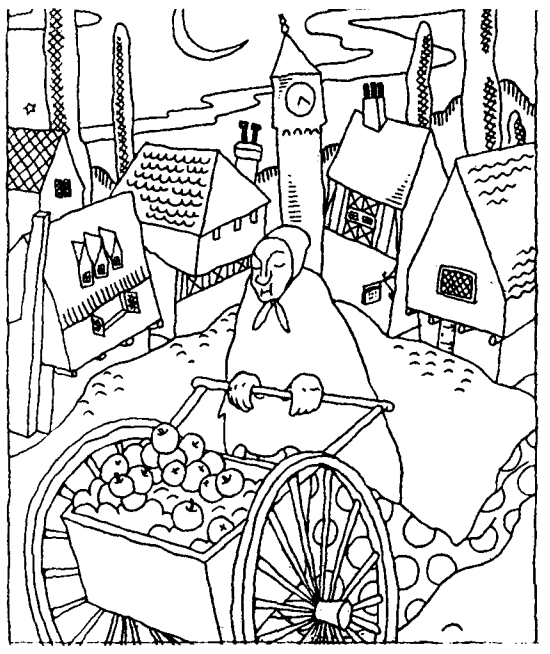

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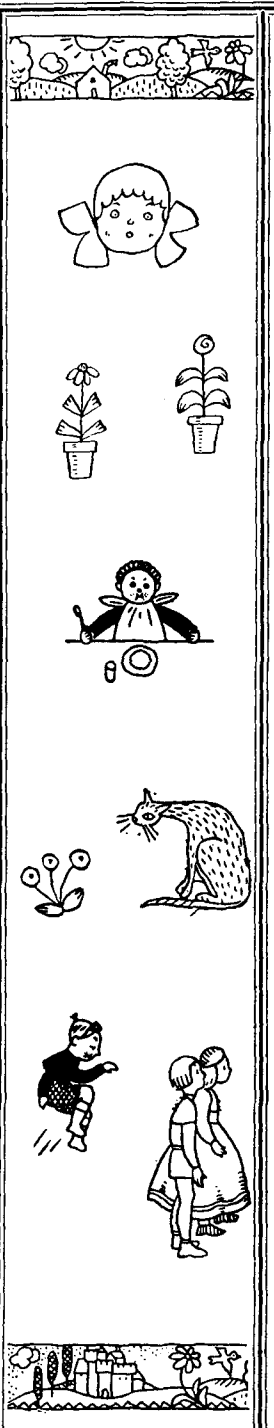

These drawings are by Lois Lenski, from "Spinach Boy," "Two Brothers and Their Baby Sister," and "The Twilight of Magic."

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Children's Books in the Soviet Republic

By HALLIE FLANAGAN

ON the steamer this summer as I was returning from Russia, a gentleman with a kindly face and ministerial manner often passed my deck chair. One day he came up leading a child and, pointing to his small companion, remarked, "I understand that you have recently returned from Russia and that you are well disposed toward what is going on there. I can't resist begging you to weigh against any progress, industrial, scientific, or artistic you may have seen there, the value of a little child." He then went on to explain to me that Russia under the Soviets was doomed because in destroying the home it was ignoring the hope of the future—the child.

I did not argue with the gentleman because it was apparent that he, like many people who have never been in Russia, had convictions as unalterable as they were mistaken; I might, however, have said quite truthfully that one factor which leads an observer to believe that Russia may succeed in her stupendous task of changing an entire social and economic pattern, is her attitude toward the child.

All the resources of Russia today are focussed upon the training of the new generation through which the present generation, still heterogeneous, still "tainted with bourgeois thought," hopes to realize its aim of universal culture. To this end the best of everything is at the disposal of the child. The first buildings erected after the revolution were day nurseries. The great food factories and cafeterias provide rooms, airy and pleasant, with small chairs and tables and special food for children. Every city has its children's theatre, where trained actors give performances especially planned for youth. Children are taken regularly to picture galleries, concerts, and lectures. They are also taken to historical museums and atheistic displays, for the state is frank in proclaiming, "It is the aim of the Soviet government to train every child to be a conscious worker, familiar with the causes of the revolution and the goal of the state it established; released from superstition, trained in science and art, and devoted to the interest of working people throughout the world."

The training of the child thus becomes the affair of the state. Parents may keep their children at home if they choose, but the fact that in most families both parents work makes the home condition unfavorable for the rearing of children. True, the facilities afforded by the state are none too favorable. The education of millions of children under a system so recent as to lack adequate housing, staff, and equipment leaves great gaps between intent and accomplishment. The schools are often crowded, unsanitary, and underequipped; they are, however, unvarying in aim, devotion, and the progressive spirit. I found the Soviet educators quite unable to comprehend any basic difference, aside from the Soviet insistence on coeducation, between their system and our own. "Is it not true," they ask, "that in America all who can afford to do so send their children to nursery schools, kindergarten, summer camps, and private schools? In Russia we follow the same system—only we wish to open these advantages to all."

While the extra-curricular education of the Russian child is at present accomplished by the wall newspaper, the theatre, and the cinema, there is increasing emphasis on reading. *Gosizdat*, the state publishing house, has, according to figures recently published, enormously increased its output not only of communistic and Russian classics, but of children's books, most of which are based on the idealogy of communism. Iskutov, a brilliant young writer in Moscow who is engaged on a series, "Children of Other Lands," told me that he meant to deal primarily not with geographic or racial differences, but with the mental differences arising from varying social organizations. He wants to show, for instance, that children living under a capitalistic society are bound to be possessive in nature; they play with dolls and even the dolls have possessions; they collect stamps, coins, and trinkets. The child in a communistic society, however, would not understand this possessiveness: he would naturally choose or make toys which led to scientific inquiry, artistic achievement, or group enjoyment.

The great number of children's books that you pick up in bookstalls or see children reading in the parks deal with physical or mental elements of the Soviet state. One called "Machine" is illustrated with bold black and white line drawings of dynamos and the engines, and the text explains in verse the working of the machine and its place in modern industry. Another book gayly colored and amusingly illustrated is called "Theatre," and the verses define the playwright, the scene designer, the audience, and the actor. "Perhaps you will become a theatre worker," the book concludes, with a rather sweeping gesture. "In Russia every man may become an artist if he chooses art as his form of activism." Books equally attractive illustrate the scientist in his laboratory, the factory worker, the miner, the artisan, the farmer. Another series, entitled "Pioneer," bearing the inscription, "The Pioneer strives for knowledge for himself and others," deals, in three separate volumes, with health and sex education, the evils of drunkenness, and the need for scientific exactitude in study. There are, so far as I was able to discover, no separate books for boys or books for girls because education stresses similarities rather than differences.

Consistent with the Russian emphasis on the mass mind is the difficulty of finding the names of authors: many children's books are written by "collective 37" or by "several students in Moscow University, district 8, in their free time," or by some such group

Russian Drawing by M. Vlassenko

organization. Children in a colony in Odessa talking to me of their favorite books seldom mentioned names of Russian authors, though they did ask whether we had any other authors "as good" as Mark Twain or Jack London. "Mark Twain must have been a communist," one boy declared, "otherwise he could never have written 'The Prince and the Pauper,' or laughed at bourgeois society as he does in 'Tom Sawyer.'"

"Must all children's books preach communism?" I asked Iskutov. "Oh no," he said, "many of our writers trained under the old régime still write in the old manner. The gifted Chukovsky in Leningrad, for example, writes amusing fairy tales—'Crocodile,' 'Telephone,' 'The Marriage of the Fleas.' There are also many animal tales and tales of folk lore. But our young writers, especially those trained in the Komsomol, write of the new social ideas because to a communist all things relate to communism and are interpreted by communism.

Just now we are writing stories about groups of children because we want to get away from the hero idea, an idea which has no place in our life. I am at present working on the story of a group of children shipwrecked on an island. This gives me a chance to show how children can solve their own problems and build up their own commune.

"Children's books written by children" is an aim of many Russian schools, and perhaps only when these books are written will we be able to judge of the truth of Lenin's statement, 'The communistic education of the child is the cornerstone of the commune.'"

The Frozen Lands

KAH-DA, Life of a North Greenland Eskimo Boy. By DONALD B. MACMILLAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

JUDY OF THE WHALE GATES. By ELIZABETH BURROWS. The same.

Reviewed by EARL HANSON

COMMANDER MACMILLAN tells, in a fascinating style, the story of a young Eskimo boy who lives far from civilization and the white man's supplies. With great attention to detail, so handled that it adds to the appeal of the book rather than subtracts from it, he recounts Kah-da's early training, his evolution as a hunter, his experiences with walrus, seals, reindeer, musk-ox, auks, etc., etc., and his travels in northern Greenland and the Canadian Islands. The narrative as a whole gives a fine summary of the life of the Smith Sound Eskimo.

One or two details only are troublesome. When MacMillan talks about the chance of melting the walls of a snow house through heating the inside, he conflicts directly with the experience of other explorers, no less than with the laws of thermo-dynamics. With cold outside weather and walls of the proper thickness, neither an Eskimo nor a white man need fear that his snow house will melt because the temperature inside is above 32 degrees.

This, however, is a minor detail, as are one or two other troublesome statements. The book on the whole is an interesting and valuable account of Eskimo life that should appeal strongly to children between the ages of ten and fourteen.

The point of view displayed by Elizabeth Burrows in "Judy of the Whale Gates," is excellent. She evidently knows her north and loves it, and she looks at it not as so many other writers do, as a scene specially reserved for adventure, but as an integral part of our own world, contributing its share to the worlds of science, business, politics, etc. I should like to see her some time hang a straightforward account of her own Alaska onto some very simple story, so simple that it becomes merely a matter of human interest.

As it is, she gives the impression of having crucified her love and her knowledge on a plot so involved that it defeats its own ends. There is so much excitement in the book that continuity is often lost sight of, and suspense is on several occasions carried beyond the logical breaking point to an anti-climax. But the incidentals are fine.

Santa's Reindeer

LITTLE TOOKTOO: A Story of Santa Claus' Youngest Reindeer. By MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY. Illustrated by KURT WIESE. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER
Author of "Red Man's Luck"

THE "Snow Baby," Peary's daughter, has grown up, undoubtedly because she left Santa Claus's country where time passes but does not age. And she has become an author, trying to give children elsewhere a glimpse of that white Christmas world of which Snow Baby, Tooktoo, and Nicholas are natives. Her production is an attractive book for little folk.

Tooktoo, (whose name is Eskimo for "reindeer") is a fawn when we first meet him. His place in the great herd is very close to his mother's side. He is still at the milk bottle stage and he needs to cuddle up against her for warmth at night. She is well prepared to protect him because she belongs to that superior family of deer, the Caribou, which bestows antlers on the female as well as on the male. Presently he learns to eat moss and tries his hoofs out in the open by himself. His ears and his nose are trained to listen and to sniff for strangeness, which may turn to menace as it comes near. His first alarming adventure is due to an Arctic hare taking a nap on the wrong side of the wind. Tooktoo, rather far from home on this day and therefore exploring with cautious, soundless steps, is almost on the creature before it wakes up and leaps away across the tundra at top speed. *Al! Yai-ya!* It might have been a wolf!

In summer, or early fall, Tooktoo's Uncle Prancer comes home for a visit. Uncle Prancer, of course, is one of Santa Claus's reindeer off on a holiday in Santa's slack season. He is so well pleased with his young nephew that he takes him north with him. Tooktoo is most kindly received by Nicholas and the deer. He is soon very chummy with Cupid. He is also very busy. Nicholas won't have a lazy deer about the place; and there are so many things to do in preparation for the Christmas journey. There are children's names and addresses to note, toys to make and pack, and endless whatnot. But, (if we let Mr. Wiese's sympathetic color work convince us) Tooktoo and Cupid can snatch a few minutes to enjoy the aurora borealis when the display is particularly brilliant.

The author describes the Christmas tree her mother caused to grow in a treeless white land. Its brown bark was made of candle wax covered with coffee grounds; its stem was a broomstick and its needles were hay clipped and painted green. Reading of it, my fingers remember their young tussles with flakes of bull pine cone, breaking them from the cone, and gluing them to twigs, and then painting them green to resemble (?) mistletoe leaves, with clusters of tallow berries; and the holly they made from dried prickly oregon grape leaves and red painted tallow drippings. The Christmas roast, as likely as not, would be contributed by Tooktoo under his Ojibwa name of Caribou.

Illustration from "Adrift in the Arctic"

ADRIFT IN THE ARCTIC. By J. STRANG MORRISON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by FITZHUGH GREEN

HAVING two boys of my own, I write and read with first-hand knowledge of what this type of reader wants. I think it is psychologically sound to say that the boy reader wants most of all a "magic mirror." That is, he is not like us adult readers in wishing for a window through which he can view other people. Up to an age of fourteen or fifteen the boy—girl, too, I have no doubt—is primarily interested in himself. He wants mostly to read stories in which he can see himself achieving great things, exploring trackless wildernesses, evading great risks.

"Adrift in the Arctic" uses that most successful of all formulæ: the hero cast away on a shore so distant and so bizarre that the youthful reader is instantly thrilled at the picture of potential struggle.

Robinson Crusoe had at his disposal a luxurious tropic vegetation. His problem of life was pleasantly mitigated by a gentle tropic climate. But Peter Hunter, Tony Fielding, and the other young heroes of "Adrift in the Arctic" found themselves set down on a beach "only a hundred and fifty yards long by some fifty yards deep, hemmed in on all sides by tumbled masses of ice or vertical precipices. There was no outlet on the landward side, no means of gaining the vast snowfields beyond."

The situation was not far from the scene of Nobile's disaster in the *Norge;* what is known to the exploring world as the "Spitzbergen Quadrant." It is as desolate and frigid a corner of the Far North as an author could choose for the shipwreck and rescue of his characters.

The story of how the boys got into this awful predicament is of minor importance. In a small brigantine they go north for an outing that is to combine pleasure with education. There is hope of exploring an expanse of uncharted sea under the direction of Captain Frazer, who has enough scientific attainments to serve out informational pellets from time to time.

After the reader has got under way and is, hypothetically, cruising in arctic waters, the ship is beset by a furious storm. Happily for the story's drama the captain and crew are at the moment ashore. Hence the boys are left to work the ship alone. The ship is driven far north and encounters the deadly pack ice. From here on no exaggeration is needed to make the story one of heart-breaking struggle. Records of polar exploration are full of terrible sufferings amid the bitter blizzards and cruel ice pressure of the Polar Sea. The ship succumbs and the boys find themselves marooned on the aforesaid strand, which is painfully inhospitable. But with true grit they hew an ice cave out of the heart of a nearby glacier. In this refuge they spend the winter. Whether such a cavern would be a practical defense against the long polar night is a detail that the young reader does not inquire into. Suffice it to him that the heroes not only survive, but make a marvellous discovery of economic and scientific value just before their final rescue.

The author, Mr. Morrison, has obviously spent more time in the north than he has in study of literary creation. His recital lacks much of the characterization and painstaking detail that made Jules Verne's "Sea of Ice" so enthralling. However, for the young inspiration is paramount to technique. So we must admit that "Adrift in the Arctic" has its place on the growing boy's bookshelf.

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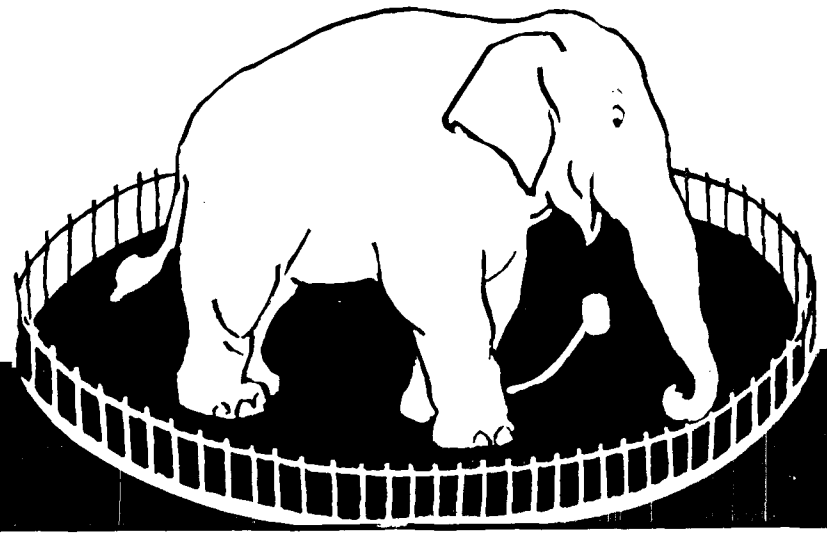

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A Tribute

FROM

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOW the pleasantest Club in the world can take in a lot of new members. L. E. N. are the initials of the Club—the Lovers of E. Nesbit—and the secret password is *Psammead*—pronounced *Sammyad*. To know what the Psammead was like and why, you must read *The Five Children* by E. Nesbit. It doesn't matter very much who you are, the Psammead will be good for what ails you; but of course you are luckiest if you are anywhere from 10 to 14 years old.

Good old Psammead. Likewise good old Phoenix, another hero of these delightful stories. They were born in the Strand Magazine in 1902 and 1903, and they kept us going (those of us who were about 12 years old in that romantic time) in the interval when Sherlock Holmes was supposed to be dead and we had read all the Anthony Hope and F. Anstey and W. W. Jacobs. Now those enchanting stories have come to life again in golden brightness, just as the Phoenix did when the children accidentally dropped the egg into the fireplace. It is a fine fat book over 800 pages and now Life can start afresh. I'm going to stop worrying so much about things now Psammead and Phoenix are back on the job. Yes, and even H. R. Millar's drawings which we were fond of are there too.

I can't speak for other children; I only know that to my taste Mrs. Nesbit was perfect and remains so. She understood magic but she knew that even underneath magic there are rules that can't be dodged. Even a Psammead that can grant a Wish a day cannot prevent you from wishing foolishly. When the children wished for Vast Wealth, and the sand-pit was suddenly full of golden coins, how your heart aches for them for they soon found they couldn't use the money. No one would take it. And those excellent (and quarrelsome) children, they were fond of ginger beer, my favorite drink. How thirsty it makes me to read how the bottle of ginger beer got spilled in the sand one hot day.

And the story of the Phoenix and the Carpet—did any story ever begin better than that does? If you don't realize how important a Phoenix is look up the telephone directory and see how many business men have taken the immortal bird for their patron saint. (You can disregard the business men who have tried to spell it *Phenix*. The bird would disapprove of that, I think.) The story of the golden fowl's visit to the big Insurance Company's office in London might put ideas into all sorts of Big Business heads.

Mrs. Nesbit's gay and thrilling book has come to us a long way in time and space. It is too full of really good stories to spoil it by writing solemnly about it. It means itself to be read and enjoyed and once it gets into a sensible home it never gets out again. The intelligent publishers have given it a strong tough binding that will stand the work of many hands.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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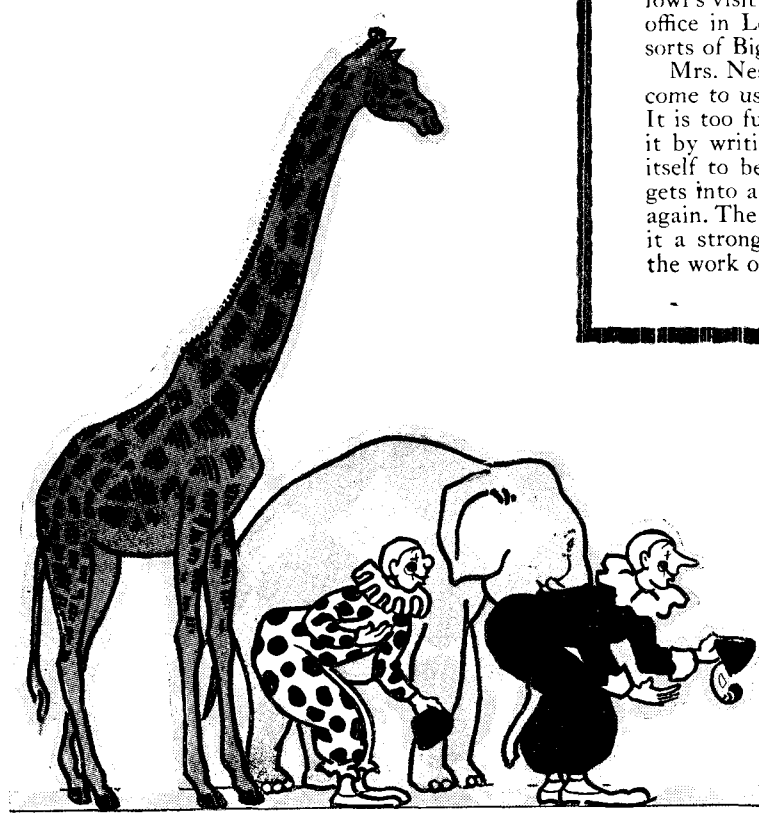
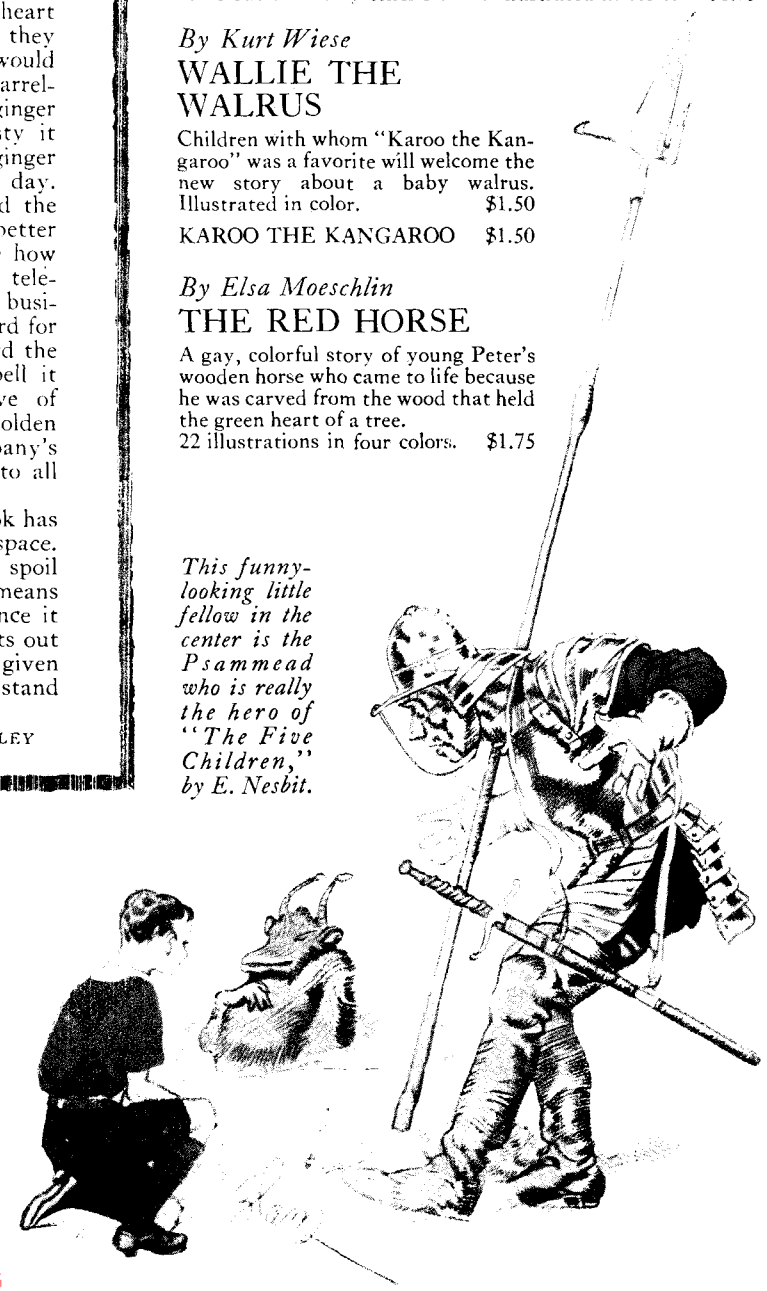


From Berta and Elmer Hader's gay, giddy circus book, "Two Funny Clowns."

This funny-looking little fellow in the center is the Psammead who is really the hero of "The Five Children," by E. Nesbit.



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Jungle Days and Ways

From "Folk Tales of a Savage" by Lobagola .

FOLK TALES OF A SAVAGE. By LOBAGOLA. Illustrated by ERICK BERRY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.

THE LIFE STORY OF A LITTLE MONKEY. By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI. Illustrated by KURT WIESE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

JUNGLE BABIES. By MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON. Illustrated by MARGARET FLINSCH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

LOBAGOLA'S collection of stories is one of the most entertaining series of folk tales that has been written about Africa. Here we have a true black Æsop and his fables are instructive to both children and grown-ups alike. He has compiled in a short volume the tales that an old story-teller narrates to his black friends around their evening fires in the Ondo bush country of West Africa. The stories are told every evening to the assembled village and usually serve to illustrate a moral. The story-teller uses this moral as reproof or advice to his fellow villagers and the story is usually based on events of the past day.

The illustrations by Erick Berry are amusing and serve to round out the book in excellent manner. The writer himself is a West African Negro and as he was born and brought up in the country he writes about, he imparts an atmosphere to the book that a person of another race could not duplicate.

If a monkey were to write an autobiography, Mr. Ossendowski's short book would certainly serve as a model. "Ket," a chimpanzee, has written a diary and in this journal she tells about her life in Africa, how she is captured, and, after a great trip across the sea, becomes a trained monkey in a circus.

The book is delightfully written and the illustrations by Kurt Wiese are very amusing and extremely well drawn. It is an excellent story for children and may be well recommended as entertaining reading for older people.

Mrs. Martin Johnson has had unusual opportunities for observing the wild life in Africa and in "Jungle Babies" she has written briefly of a number of incidents among the animals she has seen. It is to be regretted that the style of writing does not do justice to the subject matter, as some of the episodes Mrs. Johnson recounts are worthy of far better description. As the title suggests, the book deals mostly with the baby animals. Children are sure to enjoy many of the stories.

IN THE LAND OF THE LION. By CHERRY KEARTON. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLYDE FISHER
American Museum of Natural History

HERE is a book about animals by a man who knows animals and knows them well. Cherry Kearton is a rare combination of expert photographer and dependable naturalist. In fact he is the pioneer of big game photography, who accompanied Theodore Roosevelt on his famous African expedition, and also made a motion picture record of Buffalo Jones's exploit of lassoing wild animals in Africa.

In speaking of the latter undertaking, President Roosevelt said:

> The expedition was singularly lucky in having with it the accomplished nature photographer, Mr. Kearton, to make permanent record of what occurred. For cool courage and proficiency in his art there is nothing to choose between Mr. Kearton and any one of the men actively engaged in the work of roping the dangerous wild beasts hunted by the party.

But this new book is not a story of the hair-raising adventure of these expeditions; it is a series of stories of animals based upon these and many other expeditions, in fact, based upon twenty-five years' experience among the beasts of Africa. Having begun a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Kearton is still active as a student and photographer of animals, and he brings us the results of this long stretch of patient, enthusiastic work.

It is a pleasure to read a book which obviously includes only a small fraction of the interesting experiences he has had, and it is a satisfaction to feel that the account is absolutely dependable, as this book most certainly is. The only adverse criticism, it seems to me, that can be advanced against it, is that the author has not made the most of his material. He has shown the reticence of the best guides and hunter-naturalists. He hesitates to talk about himself, as an Indian does. But this is over-balanced by the considerations mentioned before.

It should be remembered that Mr. Kearton does not hunt with the rifle. In fact he always goes unarmed, and hunts only with the camera. It is now recognized that it is much more difficult to make a good photograph of a wild animal in the open than to kill it with a gun.

"In the Land of the Lion" is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, and as might be expected, it is copiously illustrated with photographs by the author. Some of the subjects treated are, the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the buffalo, the crocodile, the giraffe, the leopard, the zebra, apes and monkeys, besides many others.

Many interesting bits of animal psychology are brought out in these stories. One unusual, but appealing, piece of behavior on the part of a male animal, is the story of how the father oryx guarded the mother while their baby was being born. He tells us about the vindictiveness of the Cape buffalo, about the habits of the crocodile which is so much feared by man. The enormous flocks of flamingoes and many other birds are included in the stories as are the locusts and the termites or white ants.

Mr. Kearton's earlier books relating his experiences as a photo-naturalist are widely known. This new contribution will be welcomed both by young people and by grown-ups.

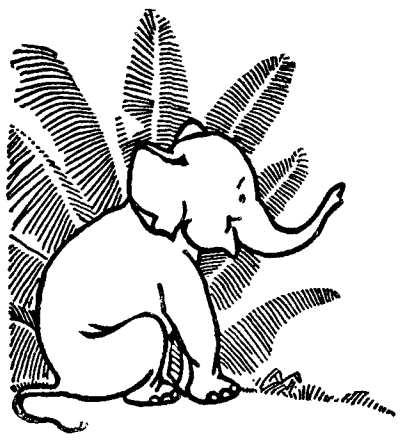

Illustration from "Little Elephant," by Hamilton Williamson, (Doubleday, Doran)

CALL OF THE RIO BRAVO. By ALBERT E. BAILEY. Pictured by HENRY PITZ. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER
Author of "Red Man's Luck."

THIS is not only a good story which older boys will read with enthusiasm; it is a clear, true flash on a most interesting background, one comparatively new in fiction. Mr. Bailey knows his Brazilian river, the timber, grass, and jungle along its banks; and he knows the several types of Latin-Americans who help to push his story forward. Either he has lived for a time the life of his young hero, Edward Morrell, whose natural and dramatic adventures make the story; or he is imaginative and sensitive enough to convert research into breathing reality. It doesn't matter which. At the present time in the book world it is important to stress the ancient truth that though personal experience may—in the hands of an artist—become literature, no artist, and no talented story teller, is limited to the actual happenings and scenes of his own life. Shakespeare probably never saw a Moor. He may never have visited the Isle of the Bermudas where Caliban lives.

The outline of Mr. Bailey's story is simple. Morrel, a freshman, leaves college because of family reverses and seeks fortune in Brazil. He falls in with Locker, a Swiss who has a small sawmill on the Rio Bravo. The two young men, very likable chaps, become fast friends. Locker's mill is something worse than an eyesore to old García, a rancher, who has been long accustomed to enforcing his own laws in that part of the jungle. The analogy between old García and the *cotiara*, a deadly snake, is deftly drawn, without the melodramatic touch which wrecks most symbolic alignments of this sort. In short, you recognize two natives of the same kidney when you shake hands with Señores García and Cotiara! García is powerful and the action which develops from his enmity is swift and thrilling and, better still, spontaneous, intrinsic.

Interesting as the story is, as a series of exciting events, its higher merit is its skilful characterization and the way in which the territory is visualized and made significant. One could write half a column about that extraordinary mill hand Condinho; about young García, and Morrell's battles with him; about the comical little mayor of Capao Lindo and the fight with old García's *vaqueros* in the black swamp; and there are cleancut descriptions to quote. But, even if the space were available, such quotation might give a distorted impression of a sound piece of workmanship. The book is a unit. Psychology, atmosphere, and episode are fused. The style is good without being distinguished. It is at once vigorous and economical. Maternal powers-that-be throughout the land should see to it that "Call of the Rio Bravo" is put upon the boy's own bookshelf at home. It is a book not only to read but to keep.

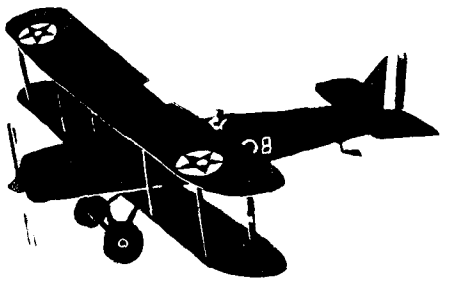

Illustration from "The Modern A B C Book," by C. B. Falls (Day)

JUNGLE BABIES. By EDYTH KAIGH-EUSTACE. Illustrated by PAUL BRONSOM and DON NELSON. Chicago: Rand McNally & Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CARR

WILD animal babies have held an important place in children's stories since time immemorial. Africa, in recent years, has been giving more and more of her babies to the world. Mrs. Martin Johnson, in her tales, pictured the lives of many wild infants and now Mrs. Kaigh-Eustace comes to the fore with other stories. Both women have won fame as African explorers and travelers; and both have used Africa as background and foreground of their writings.

"Jungle Babies" tells the story of numerous exploits in the lives of some well known and other less familiar birds and mammals of the forests and plains of Trader Horn's stamping ground. The histories succeed in carrying considerable information as to the habits of various characters. There are twelve chapters devoted to such diverse creatures as the rhinoceros, porcupine, hippopotamus, hyena, honey guide, marabou, and cheeta, not to forget the inevitable elephant baby.

The experiences of the author have very evidently been of value to her in the collection of facts. She has a real "feeling" for her subjects, has become intimate with them, but not too familiar. She is, however, somewhat inclined to "talk down" to her child audience. The animals tell their own story in human words. This method of forwarding an animal tale has been employed many times in books for little children. Some educators have frowned upon it. While the writer of this review does not object to a slight use of this "system," he does dislike to see it carried throughout a book. It becomes monotonous and soon grows to lack a certain amount of conviction. Such a story needs the magic touch of an "Alice," regardless of the location or the modernity of the "Wonderland."

Despite certain reactions to methods used in portraying these "Jungle Babies," I hope that many children will know the book. A wealth of natural history observations may be gleaned from the pages. Enough adventure is depicted to hold the interest of the reader regardless of the source of the "voice." We hope to see other stories from the pen of Mrs. Kaigh-Eustace.

The illustrations are excellent. The cover picture, by Paul Bronsom, is a joy to behold. Fine, large type is used, and, generally, the format of the book is ideal.

Books on Aviation

Reviewed by AMELIA EARHART

ON my solo flight across the country more than two years ago I happened to land in a small Western town about sundown. There was no airport, so I brought down the small plane I was flying in one of the many adjacent open places. Hardly had the wheels stopped rolling when a boy about twelve arrived on a bicycle. So far as I could discover, no airplane had landed in the vicinity before—certainly none of the type I had. The youngster regarded my little Avian for a moment and me not at all and then remarked, "I see you haven't got slots."

Slotted wings were so little known at that time that the comment quite staggered me. Further, the fact that similar models were usually equipped with them, but mine did not happen to be, accentuated the acuteness of the observation. Since that experience I have learned not to be surprised at the startling sagacity of children where aviation is concerned.

This whole story is only to give weight to the little moan I make to the people who undertake to write of aeronautics for the youth of this land. Frequently when I read their products I cannot help feeling the little dears will never swallow this one. Now there are some good juvenile stories—but more of those when I get a general criticism off my chest.

To be specific, only tiny children, I am sure, would make the mistake of saying, "Colonel Lindbergh was the first man to cross the Atlantic Ocean." If they did, they would probably be corrected very quickly by the next eldest member of the family. It is a sad thought that some authors have no older brothers or sisters to inform them similarly on this subject. I have never heard a child use the obsolete and inaccurate term, "air pocket." I believe that the average schoolboy or girl knows more about the fundamentals of flying than to be caught making use of such mysterious words.

To a pilot about to take off the number of revolutions per minute of his motor is an important bit of information. A strange verb has been created to use instead of an unwieldy phrase, and opening the throttle on the ground is sometimes called "revving up" (spelling unknown). Complete misunderstanding was registered by the authors of a children's book when they substituted "fed up" for the trade colloquialism. Such small inaccuracies, while probably unimportant, point to probable greater errors—sometimes laughable to children.

* *

However, my harshness does not include all examples in a group of books I have recently read. In it I found several interesting ones. For example, of the Jules Verne type, "Haunted Airways," by Thomson Burtis (Doubleday, Doran, $2), is among the best. Of the war stories, "On Secret Air Service," by Colonel La Tourette Driggs, charmed me with its fast moving adventures. "Partners of the Air," by Richard Howells Watkins (Appleton: $2), and "Comrades of the Clouds," by Laurie York Erskine (Appleton: $2), do their part interestingly to help keep alive in small breasts hope for another war. I cannot question detail here, because I know little of wartime flying. Nearly everything sounds romantically right, however. "Parachute" heads the list of the true story type book with the history of actual jumps recorded with the development of the chute.

It was delightful to find Dorothy Verrill's "Sky Girls" (Century: $1.75) a book for girls by a woman who knows about flying. If it were noteworthy for no other reason, the attitude of the mother of the heroine would make it so. It has other qualities besides, and I rather hope it may be a forerunner of similar stories for girls—until both sexes find a common interest. Miss Verrill also has a book which styles itself "for boys," but which seems to me almost too compact for any but rather older young men. It is very clearly written and contains much information. Another informative little volume was "Model Aircraft." The principles of flying seem well set forth, as did the directions for actual construction.

"Grow Up to Fly," by Lloyd George and James Gilman (McBride: $2.50), is a compendium for anyone who is a recipient of letters from boys or girls or their parents seeking information on aeronautical careers. It gives an account of how, when, and where such are obtainable.

Altogether there seems much of good in children's books on aviation. Being steeped in the commercial end of the industry, I know there are many tales waiting to be told concerning everyday air travel. I hope someone will search them out and put them down in volumes for all ages.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

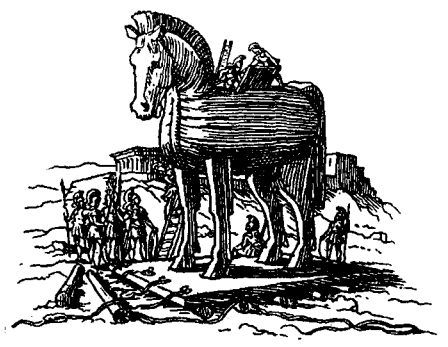

Illustration from "Under the Tree."

THE best book of poetry dealing with children that has been produced in recent years is Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "Under the Tree." The book was originally brought out eight years ago by B. W. Huebsch, and though we have no idea of exactly what its sale was we know that it hardly caused a ripple among the reviewers. And yet here was a book of verse succeeding in that most difficult of psychological feats, the presentation of the thought processes of a child, in the natural idiom of a child, by an adult. We will go on record as saying that Miss Roberts managed this matter with a good deal more subtlety and poetry than did Robert Louis Stevenson in "A Child's Garden of Verses." Miss Roberts's poems are not necessarily the kind of thing children themselves read. Children instinctively resent any adult, no matter how highly intelligent and sympathetic, masquerading as one of their race. For, as has been said before we noted it, children are a race apart. It is as if they were a separate nation, and they have their deep national pride. They can detect one who is exiled by the process of age from the kingdom they still maintain and is yet trying to assure other adults that he or she has not grown up. They detected it in Stevenson. There was always something a little namby-pamby about being caught reading "A Child's Garden." For some reason the girls have not felt the same about Barrie. But probably Barrie really and truly never *did* grow up. For all their naturalness, I am not sure whether children will read the thoughts of children in Miss Roberts, though they will read of the childrenlike deeds of animals in Kenneth Grahame, and they will read of children adventuring as children, among adults, in "E. Nesbit." But that does not matter. It matters that Miss Roberts is a genuine poet and that she has given us adults a book wherein perfectly recognizable children speak as children have always thought and spoken:

His shining skin was soft and wet.
I poked him once to see him squirm.
And then Will said, "I wonder if
He knows that he's a worm."

And then we sat back on our feet
And wondered for a little bit.
And we forgot to dig our wells
Awhile, and tried to answer it.

And while we tried to find it out,
He puckered in a little wad,
And then he stretched himself again
And went back home inside the clod.

This meditation is absolutely and obviously authentic, and to it one of F. D. Bedford's immensely satisfying drawings is pendant on the page. Which leads us to say that this delightful English artist, a sort of latter-day Kate Greenaway, has most charmingly illustrated this new edition of "Under the Tree" for the Viking Press, an extremely happy choice. The edition is also an enlargement upon the original one.

This book is an American classic. Don't take our brief excerpt for proof of it. There is much more evidence to be added. Every other poem in the book is more evidence. "Mr. Wells" is prime evidence. This book should go up on that shelf of yours that holds "Alice" and "Sylvie and Bruno" and "The Bastable Children" and "Water Babies" and the other immortals. It is a great little book.

And here is Nathalia Crane's "Pocahontas." At the age of ten Miss Crane produced some remarkable poems. There was an immediate fanfare concerning her. That couldn't do her much good, and we knew it wouldn't. She began to develop stylistic mannerisms that sometimes made us ache. There seemed to be no one, not even Mr. Louis Untermeyer, who could give her the proper sort of criticism, to show her the difference between her amazingly dexterous best and her screaming worst. Her metaphorical expression ran absolutely wild, for it had been called genius. Her most extravagant similes had been highly praised. She was young and efflorescent. She had a riot of a good time writing. And as everything she did seemed to please somebody, she just went ahead. Before Miss Crane now lies maturity, come much nearer, and the welding of undoubted brilliant gifts into a single weapon of song. Her casual inspirations will no longer alone sustain her as she passes from the prodigy class into the ranks of poets where the age of the author does not affect critics' judgment of the performance.

Her precocity as a child was astonishing, and, so far as her nature is concerned, she fortunately seems to have taken no harm from it. She was bound to be exploited. The important question is, will she survive this exploitation? She ought to, for we believe that there are flashes in her work, even where the worst closely crowds the best, of high potentiality. Her *juvenilia* is now almost behind her, and out of the mass of it, peculiarly enough, shine a few gems of serene ray. In this latest book she has attempted dramatic narrative. There is some silliness and some crudeness in it, and the "prophecy" in it, upon which her publishers insist, does not so much matter. What does matter is that there is also imaginative writing in it in her best vein. She is attempting more than before. We cannot say that this is her best book, and the names she has chosen for her characters naturally perturb us. "Pocahontas" (Dutton) will, however, remain one of the salient curiosities of our literature. What next comes from Miss Crane's pen will, we hope, be even more clearly and directly written. She seems to be struggling free of unusual word usages that had turned against her. She has much still to learn concerning language. But her fancy remains extremely original. And we give her fair warning that we shall scrutinize every word and phrase of her next book with an extortionate eye that no longer judges her as a little-girl poet.

Two collections of poems for children are before us from established poets. One is Walter de la Mare's "Poems for Children" (Holt), and he spends most of his charming introduction in deprecating it. He prefers to claim for his poems, and most are old favorites, and many of his very best, including one of the loveliest songs in the English language, that on page fourteen,—he prefers to claim for his poems no more than that they are "metrical compositions." As for children, he wonders what a child may be. In this wonder occurs a passage or two of prose that will surely often be quoted in years to come:

> Indeed, one has only to be quiet and watchful in the company of any child, even a child of two or downwards, to become aware (though in a very cloudy and partial fashion) of the astonishingly full and vivid life it is leading—and being led by. The life, that is, of what, so to speak, is outside of itself and what is inside of itself: its body life, its mind life, and its spirit life.
>
> So intent on what it is looking at or dreaming about can a child of but two years old become that even a touch on its bare arm, or the soft calling of its name three times over may fail to summon it out again. In an hour it may have more or less mastered in experience what it would take a whole lifetime really to explore. And yet, that hour—so far as the word remembrance or recollection fully implies—may as the day goes by sink into forgottenness, as the incandescent dust of a falling metor over the solitudes of the Pacific sinks into the forgottenness of its deeps. And this I have myself seen happening quite recently to the little boy to whom this book is dedicated

The melodies of Walter de la Mare almost defy analysis. He introduced into English verse a new combination of slight and subtle variations that served to make his own accent unmistakable. And his infinitely elusive "otherwhereness" almost leads one to believe that there are indeed other regions beyond this present scene. He, at least, is a native of more than England or any country in a peculiar sense that touches Blake at one end of the scale and the Mother Goose immortals at the other. His appeal to children we should think would most strongly reside in his "shivery" poems, his narratives of fairyland, and such a fantastic story as the glorious "Isle of Lone."

Sara Teasdale in "Stars To-night" (Macmillan), delicately illustrated in black and white, with a frontispiece in color, by Dorothy P. Lathrop, erstwhile Mr. de la Mare's own illustrator, presents what her subtitle calls "Verses New and Old for Boys and Girls." Some of the poems are chosen from her earlier volumes. Some are new. Such an old favorite as "The Coin," and such others as "There will be Stars" and "On the Sussex Downs" are examples of the treasure in this slim book. Best of all we think we like the poem, new to us, "I stood upon a Star," with its very beautiful last two verses, which we shall quote:

I watched earth putting off her winter
And slipping into green;
I saw the dark side of the moon
No man has ever seen.

Like shining wheels in an opened watch
They all revolved with soundless motion;
Earth sparkled like a rain-wet flower,
Bearing her petals, plain and ocean.

At her best, Miss Teasdale has always proved how finer than all manner of ornamentation simplicity may be.

Judy Abroad

JUDY IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By JUDY ACHESON. Illustrated by ANNE MERRIMAN PECK. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by C. C. EDWARDS

WHEN Judy Acheson, twelve years old, came home after a stay of three years in Constantinople, she sat down forthwith to make a book of her experiences. Therein she followed the example of many notable travelers.

Now the fact is that the foreigner in Constantinople sees no more of the life of the Turks than he may observe in his walks abroad. All his social relations are with people of his own country. Judy Acheson woke every morning to eat, I have no doubt, an American breakfast of orange juice, followed by cereals from Battle Creek. After breakfast, she drove six miles in an American automobile to an American school, taught by an American teacher. There, on a hill from which she could see long reaches of the Bosphorus and the shores of Asia, she and other American children learned the capitals of the New England states, and heard the story of the Boston Tea Party. It is true that the road from her house to the school led through narrow, cobbled streets, which opened on a sunny quay along the Bosphorus; past old palaces and through a cemetery of leaning, turbaned tombstones. But such things formed only the picturesque frame to her happy, natural, American life. Sometimes she went with her mother to visit a mosque or to shop in the bazaars. She spent her summer vacations in the Caucasus, at one of the posts of the Near East Relief. Three years passed in this way gave her the material for her book.

The result is a confusion of mosques, beggars, bazaars, Russian and Greek and Armenian servants. From the confusion a few of Judy's own experiences stand out clearly. Children will like to read about her visit to the Russian restaurant garden, in which "huge turtles . . . came around and waited for food;" and about the camel in the street, in Samsun, which unexpectedly sampled with leathery lips the string of onions which she carried; and about the coffee shops, where "you go into a courtyard with grapevines growing over it. . . . If the grapes are ripe you can have the ones you point out cut for you."

In matters of geography and history, the writer is less clear. Historical characters are mentioned with a fine abandon which scorns to assign to them any definite period, and the Prophet becomes mystically fused with other Mohammeds, his namesakes. It is a little startling to read that "the mosque at Eyoub is . . . more sacred than any of the other mosques, because Mohammed the Prophet was killed and buried there." Perhaps this original statement is due to a consolidation in Judy's mind of three different stories: Eyoub, a companion of the Prophet, was killed and buried at this place in 668; after the capture of Constantinople, in 1453, Mohammed II, the Conqueror, built a shrine over his grave, and a mosque; and Sultan Mohammed V was buried here in 1917.

The book is well produced, and is embellished with pleasant drawings by Anne Merriman Peck, of Turkish scenes and characters. Miss Peck, kinder than the Ghazi, allows her Turks to continue to wear the fez, which was prohibited by decree in November 1925, soon after Judy's arrival in Constantinople.

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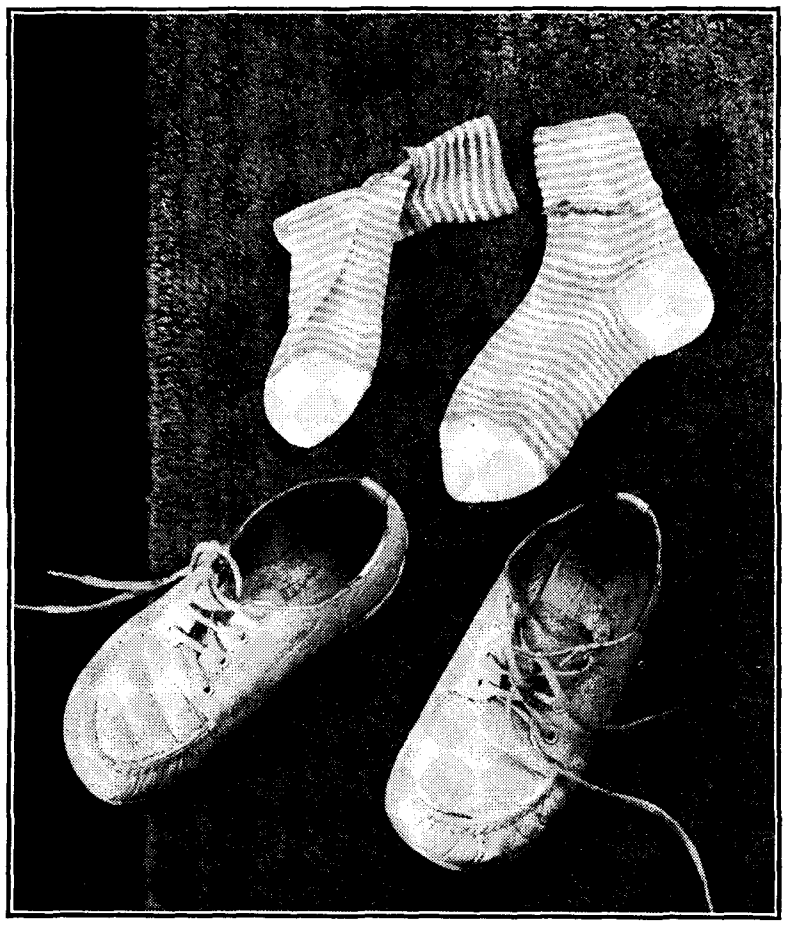

THIS entirely new idea in books for very little children, is subtitled EVERYDAY THINGS FOR BABIES. There is no story. Instead, there are beautiful photographs, by Edward Steichen, of the ordinary things around the home that a baby between the ages of one and three first recognizes and wants to call by name. Here are his Teddy Bear, his train of cars, his shoes, his mug of milk, the telephone, the bowl of flowers on the table. Real live babies have tested and approved the book, and nursery schools endorse it enthusiastically. It will delight parents who have despaired of finding a book of pictures that the one and two-year old can really recognize and enjoy. $2.00

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Shirley Berton Lesher

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Selected by Mary Gould Davis

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For Younger Children

Miss Davis, Supervisor of Story-Telling in the N. Y. Public Library, has made this collection for children and for those who tell stories to them. The thirteen tales are by such notable writers as Charles L. Finger, Laurence Housman and Carl Sandburg. $2.00

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Carl Sandburg

Illustrated by James Daugherty

For All Ages

Sandburg is probably the best-loved modern poet among boys and girls. This book contains 70 of their favorite poems, and Sandburg has prefaced the collection with a "short talk on poetry." Beautifully decorated by James Daugherty, the book will be a joy to adults and young people alike. $2.50

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W. Maxwell Reed

Illustrated by Karl Moseley

For All Ages

"An interesting and exceptionally well illustrated story of the earth from the beginnings of life to the dawn of history."—*Outlook.* "A book so arresting in format that one is beguiled into reading the 250 illustrations before one reads the text at all."—*Anne Carroll Moore.* $3.50

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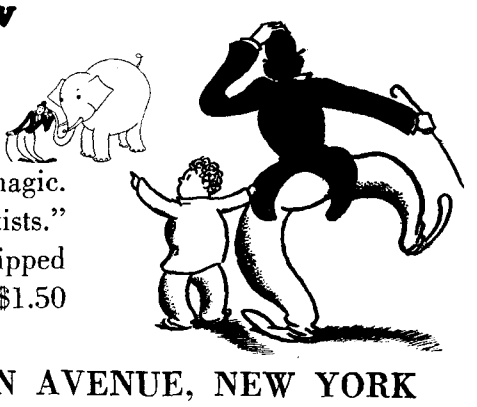

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Books for Small Folk

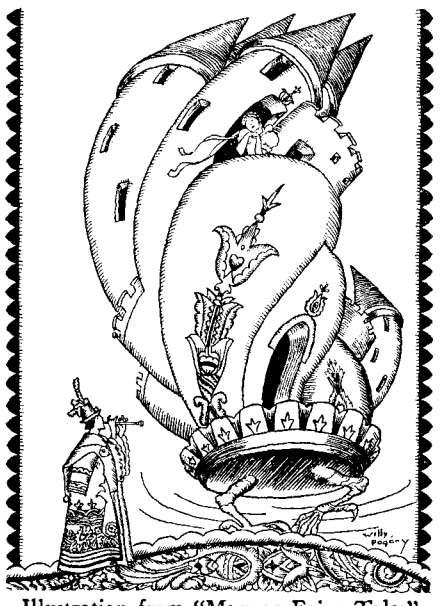


Illustration from "Magyar Fairy Tales" (Dutton).

THE TWILIGHT OF MAGIC. By HUGH LOFTING. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

SO long have the Doctor Dolittle books represented the essence of Hugh Lofting's spirit that his enthusiastic public may be startled to see this latest imaginative experiment. "The Twilight of Magic" differs in subject and style from those other robust excursions among the humorous animals of his fancy. Here Lofting is not wholly a Jolly-cum-pop: he is a poet. In the medieval atmosphere of a town not yet freed from superstition move the figures of Giles, a nine-year-old boy, and his sister, Anne. Childish concern for their father's financial troubles leads them to ask aid from the singular old applewoman, Agnes, who threw a red apple into their window and is known in the neighborhood as Shragga, the Witch. Their visit to her wee, tumbledown hut is followed by a walk to the sea garden and the discovery of the Whispering Shell, a highly important element in the tale. It is in this first half of the book that Mr. Lofting is gorgeously himself. The children's mysterious adventures, their quaintly stiff conversations, the descriptions of the town and its stock characters, Michael, the Blind Man, Luke the Lame Boy, Johannes, the Philosopher, and the kindly young King spring before us as naturally as any other high-colored children of his fertile mind. Even grown-ups will read these breath-taking scenes, which have the flavor of the Middle Ages, yet oddly enough could be part and parcel of modern life and Giles and Anne two of the little people of today.

Why does Giles have to grow up at the King's Court and eventually fall in love with that beauteous Countess Barbara betrothed to the King? That is indeed a conventional termination to a wonderful wild goose chase of a fantasy, and, while it completes the narrative, we rebel against it. Giles and Anne should always have remained children. The second part of the "Twilight of Magic" is not in any way ill done: it carries out the tradition of the ancient fairy tales. But the charm of Part I has cooled off as the sharp, crisp taste of a fresh ginger cooky becomes slightly flat when it is set too quickly by a window where a breeze is blowing. Possibly this is because Mr. Lofting is not yet an adept at this particular kind of fantastic yarn. Not that there are not whimsical touches in it that whet the appetite,—such as that of the elderly princess, Sophronia, who coveted the Whispering Shell, and Geoffrey, the Gypsy who raised the white roses for the King.

In an earlier article on a Dr. Dolittle book the author of this review made an observation that is borne out in this latest volume, namely, that the strength of Hugh Lofting consists in the fact that he can always produce a sense of cosy reality in the minds of his child readers, even though his atmosphere is of a fantastic weaving. Here is a witness to this fact in the description of the house of Agnes, the Applewoman, alias Shragga, the Witch; and as usual the animals have a loved individuality:

> The old woman took up a bellows and with its point stirred the grey ashes in the hearth. Then as she started to blow, two big black cats came forward out of the gloom, carrying sticks in their mouths. Agnes took the sticks from them and fed the red coals, now glowing into life among the swirling dust. The cats kept going backwards and forwards for more wood in a most businesslike way, as though they were quite used to helping with the housework in this fashion.

The jacket describes his book as "a story of the Middle Ages in England,"—and it is quite and utterly mistaken. There is no mention of England. Why should there be? This is a fairy tale for any country, smacking perhaps a little of the Middle Ages, but like a conscientious fairy tale not adhering to any age. It is Lois Lenski who has shown intense enough understanding of both the letter and spirit of the book to make it glow from end to end with her decorations. Without these much of the witch-like beauty of the piece would be lacking.

PINK FURNITURE. By A. E. COPPARD. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $2.50.

THREE matters recommended this book to us the moment we opened it. First, the subtitle: "A Tale for Lovely Children with Noble Natures"; second, the Author's Note:

> Some of the characters in this book are almost fictitious, but most are merely true. If any one wants the law of me for this, I should not care to go to prison as I do not think I could put up with it.

third, the first sentences: "Once there was a boy called Toby Tottel. This little boy was sometimes bad, of course, certainly; but once people start being very good it is hard to keep them from becoming too good."

The extraordinary adventures of Toby are started by a little girl friend of his telling him that the furniture in his house is pink. He knows it isn't, but on the principle that "the only things worth seeking for are the things we do not know" he sets off to find if possible where pink furniture may be found. On the way he hears of a remarkable book called "Open and Ask Me," which, after many vicissitudes, he finally secures, but it is quite cryptic concerning pink furniture. In the meantime he has the most extravagant nonsense adventures involving many queer folk and many a fantastic fairy-story, including one bit of genuine detective work in locating a marble lost by the Prince of Purganda. In the end his long quest leads him home again and he discovers—but that would be giving away the end of the story. Anyway, in the end he marries Bridget, the little girl friend whose irritating remarks had at first sent him forth.

It goes without saying that Mr. Coppard can write with a wealth of amusing fancy. Our adult perusal of the book found its multifarious nonsense palling somewhat, however, before we were through. All such books as Mr. Coppard's have eventually to stand the test of comparison with "Alice" and even the best of them come off rather badly. For queer characters, unflagging invention, and pleasing interspersed nonsense rhymes, "Pink Furniture" may be commended. And it is, of course, better written than the average, for it is written by a genuine poet, but we found it runs to too great a length for the weight of its matter. And we simply did not care for the style of Nancy Burkart Gurney's illustrations. Still there is much writing in it that is most engaging.

CIRCUS BABIES. By ELIZABETH GALE. Illustrated by JOHN DUKES MCKEE. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. 1930. $2.

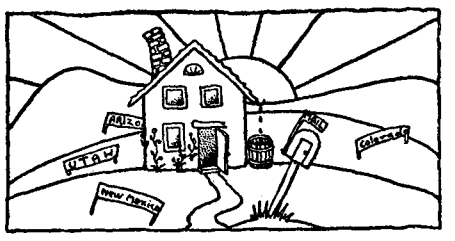
Reviewed by ALLEN CHAFFEE
Author of "Tony and the Big Top"

MISS GALE has written a number of comedies which have found their way into print. It is also on record that she wrote Mr. Barnum, at a tender age, "I should like to act in your circus," adding, "I youster hang by my feet in the grape arbor when I was three." That document was frustrated of its destination: but in "Circus Babies" Miss Gale has provided the three-year-old with a ballyhoo of babyish absurdities, in a picture book copiously colorful, as a circus poster might phrase it.

There is Mr. Clown's baby, who gets butted by the goat. There is Al, the baby elephant, who "*would* pick things up and put them into his mouth," but gets a prickly chestnut, reaches through a window, and devours enough desserts to give him a tummy-ache, then blows trunkfuls of apple-sauce over the kitchen. One drawing shows him weeping elephantine tears over a spanking administered by his mother's trunk. There is a scrappy infant tiger who gets the worst of it in a fight with his image in the mirror. And there is Hettie the hippopotamus, who was a cry-baby, if there ever was one. Lonesomely this ponderous young person pursues the friendly pig, whose part it is to pursue the clown around the ring.

From these excerpts it is plain that the action often smacks of the too popular colored supplement. This is offset by morals that the nursery cannot miss, disobedience ranking high in the list. Children will be entertained by the spectacle of their own naughtinesses, their own rewards and punishments administered to four-footed folk. The nursery may not object to the over-use of the word "little," ever a pitfall for the juvenile writer. But I personally wish the material might have been handled either as pure fantasy or as wholly true-to-nature. Presented in the habiliments of realism, it contains much that is not true to fact. Baby lions do not ride on their father's back to amuse human children, nor are there black leopards, nor mother elephants with masculine length tusks.

The pictures, of which there are many in color as well as in black and white, are often as comic as that of the Circus Man fishing the clown baby out of the pond on a pole. Others are as winsome as that of the little monkey asleep beside the baby in his crib. Those of the homeless puppies are the only ones at which the nursery will not laugh.



Illustration, by Robert Nathan, for "Tina Mina."

TINA MINA. By DOROTHY MAYER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $1.50.

MOTHER GOOSE LAND. By JAMES NORMAN HALL. The same.

LITTLE RAG DOLL. By ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS. The same. $2.

TINA MINA, which heads the list of this group of children's books, is conceived in the spirit of the Lear nonsense rhymes and greatly enlivened by Robert Nathan's weirdly energetic drawings. These would place Tina Mina, the *enfant terrible*, in the category of Hilaire Beloc's "Matilda Who Told Such Dreadful Lies" and the other active heroines of "Slovenly Peter," save for one important fact. Tina Mina "was a good little girl and never whined and did her best to be helpful, but was in fact very, very stupid." Perhaps the most peerless adventure of the lot is that in which Tina Mina plants her garden:

> First she pulled out all the weeds, and instead of throwing them away she made a big bouquet of them. Next she raked the ground slowly with one of her Mommie's best silver forks. Then she took a package of radish seeds and a package of snapdragon seeds, and she dug two very deep holes, and into one hole she put the entire package of radish seeds, paper and all, and in the other hole she put the package of snapdragon seeds, paper and all. Then she filled in these holes with dirt. . . . She brought the top of her bird-cage and put it right over the spot where she had planted the snapdragons. "Now they won't be able to eat me up!" she cried.

Such delicious nonsense speaks for itself.

James Norman Hall's "Mother Goose Land" is a well done account of the adventures of a seven-year-old in the country of famous Mother Goose which the thirty striking black and white illustrations by Bacharach transform into a fascinating territory. Never were pictures better adapted to text. Roger Avery visits and sleeps in the topsy-turvy house of the Crooked Man, finding it a difficult matter to adjust himself; eats his dinner at a guest house which is the favorite rendezvous of old Uriah Undecided (whose speech in rhyme smacks *too* much of "Alice in Wonderland") and stumbles upon the home of Little Miss Muffet's family. The construction of the book is clever, but the tale lacks a certain element of racy authenticity; it is a manufactured one and does not dash on as a child's story, particularly a child's story in nonsense parlance, should. The wheels creak a little.

"Little Rag Doll," graced by Lois Lenski's fanciful pictures, is a comfortable type of tale for a small doll-loving girl. Dily's adventures with Mrs. Thimbletop, the fairy (whom she meets in the huckleberry patch when she escapes from the home of the cruel Harriet Ann) and with Grandma Reddy, the pompous pussy whom they find in Debby's playhouse, move along like the gentle current of a river. Just the kind of story a little girl will like to have read and read again loud. The cunning figure of Mrs. Thimble Top, "no higher than your hand," arrayed in her pet headdress, a child's silver thimble, is as spiritedly and freshly done as any of De la Mare's fairies, and in her passion for cooking and housework rivals the elf who appeared to his Jill who "went blackberry picking. Half-way over from Weep to Wicking." If her cooking did taste somewhat strange at times, did not Grandma Reddy, the cat, steal quietly down to a bed of pepper-grass that grew beside the brook?

> "It is good for the heart-burn," she explained one day. "Eat a little, do. That cucumber pie we had for dinner today doesn't set quite right."

Altogether this is a trio of books that will lead any boy or girl from six to nine on a chase after fantastic adventure, running in high or low gear as taste may dictate.

WONDER TALES FROM GOBLIN HILLS. By FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT. Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ELEANOR SHANE

A NEW group of stories collected by Miss Olcott is a boon, particularly to the children's librarian who conducts a story hour. Here we have not only an excellent collection by an acknowledged authority in the field of folk lore, but one perfectly arranged, classified, a nd reinforced with a wealth of useful information. Whether the children for whom the stories are intended will profit by these additional features we are in some doubt. Certainly it is to be hoped that with their usual intuition they will skip the preface, whose repeated reference to "the educational value of this book" would kill the volume outright for them. Once past this hazard, they will find the stories themselves a delight; brief, direct, vigorous,—the real flavor of the folk tale as evident in the simplicity of style as it is in the tales recounted by Jacobs or by the brothers Grimm.

Taken from the legends and lore of Germanic countries, the stories abound in goblins, manikins, witches, dwarfs, kobalds; with the almost inevitable reward for every hero a stream of wealth from the mountainside. Poems from the German classics and from other literatures using German themes (Scott, Browning, and Longfellow are represented) have been generously interspersed. Here is an excellent chance for the muddle-headed reader to assort and arrange his fragmentary impressions. In addition to the preface full of information are two appendices of more specific nature, The

Illustration from "Luisa in Mexico" (Dutton).

Tiny History of German Wonder Tales and The Tiny Dictionary of Strange German Things in This Story. Something provocative in the word *tiny* and certain alluring illustrations in the margins of The Tiny Dictionary save these two sources of information from an air of pedantry almost inevitable in any preface, and boys and girls will probably not want to skip them. To The Tiny History is added a list of books appropriate to certain ages, for those who may wish to steep themselves in the rich background of these tales.

Certainly the very evident desire of Miss Olcott to promote not only a love of Germany's legends but also an intelligent feeling for their sources, development, and influence should be gratified. Whether the fulfilment of her desire will be defeated by her very thoroughness is something that only actual testing will prove, but if facts have been stressed at the expense of atmosphere, we have Mr. Sichel's very charming illustrations to thank for helping to restore the balance.

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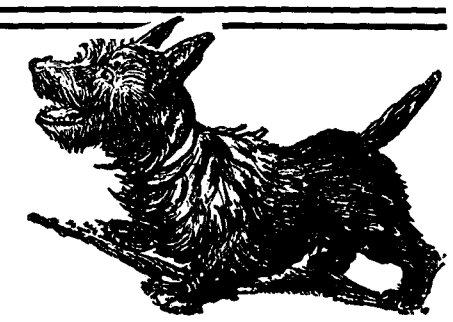

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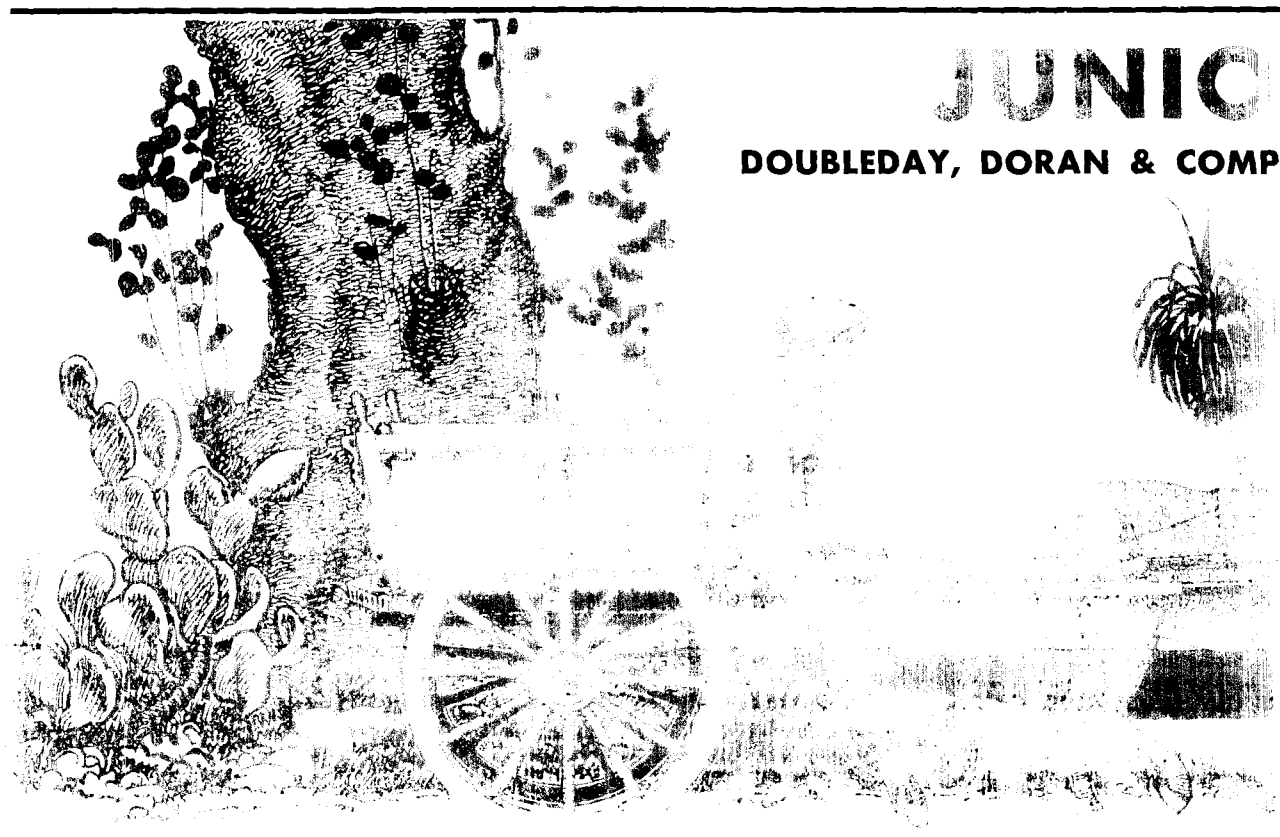

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Illustration by Warwick Gobie, for "Treasure Island" (Macmillan)

Books of My Childhood

By HAMLIN GARLAND

MY childhood's reading was entirely catch-as-catch-can. My father's family were New Englanders and essentially bookish, but when they migrated from Maine to Wisconsin in 1850 they took very few books with them, and the McClintock's, my mother's people (Scotch Irish by derivation), though highly musical were not given to reading in any unusual degree. I cannot recall any books in their home other than the Bible and a volume exposing the dreadful doings of Free Masonry. I do not recall that grandfather Hugh took any periodical other than the county paper. His sons and daughters who played the dulcimer, organ, and violin were not given to the buying of books and our neighbors were all equally "shy" on print. I cannot say that I grew up in a library.

One of the earliest of my books was a Christmas present, a very tiny little volume called "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," which had in it all the magic of the East. It told of a poor boy and his magic lamp which needed only to be rubbed to furnish forth a palace and a glorious table laden with meat and fruits. Included in this book was "Beauty and the Beast" and no novel of today has anything better than the enthralling power of that romance. It swept me away into regions where gold and silver and silken raiment were at the command of a Sorcerer and where men and beasts could change forms under spell. For fifty years I have been trying to write but I am not able to put into words the witchery of these tales. They stirred me vaguely, powerfully, and inexplicably.

In 1870 we moved from my native valley in Wisconsin out upon the wild prairies of Iowa, and almost before we were settled I began borrowing books from our neighbors. My search yielded "Ivanhoe," "Tempest and Sunshine," "The Scottish Chief," and a tattered volume of adventures on the seas.

The village of Osage had not yet established its public library or if it had I did not know it. We owned Franklin's Autobiography, "The Life of P. T. Barnum," "The Female Spy," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Among these books "Ivanhoe" was naturally my favorite. I read it with such complete absorption that time and place were lost. My interest in Richard the Lionhearted had been whetted by two selections in McGuffey's Reader, the one called "The Storming of the Castle" and the other, "The Duel in the Desert" or some such title. From that time to this, I have read every new and careful study of Richard, who is still one of the most attractive of all the English kings, notwithstanding the fact that he was a Norman and lived in England only a few months of his reign. In truth, I got my first taste for Longfellow, Whittier, Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne, and Shakespeare from McGuffey's Readers. They cannot be left out of the record. Gray's "Elegy," Scott's "Marmion," Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning," and many other poems read for the first time in these school books, remain in memory to this day.

With nothing else handy, I read and reread Franklin's Autobiography, "The Life of P. T. Barnum," and "The Spy of the Rebellion." Barnum made me aware of New York City and Bridgeport (to my thinking they were of equal importance), and Franklin's writing was like the almanac, wise, dryly humorous in such chapters as that in which he told of paying too much for his whistle, but he did not succeed in interesting me as Scott did.

As this is to be a truthful account of my early reading, I shall be obliged to confess that I borrowed from a neighbor a huge pile of back-numbers of a weekly paper called *The New York Saturday Night*, a story paper which was the complement of *The New York Ledger*. I read these pages with such delight as I have never since known. Only my father's voice could rouse me from their magic and secure my services in such household chores as bringing in wood or water. I came to my meals in a daze. At last my father took stern measures and ordered the return of these papers.

My reading of *The Ledger* and the *Saturday Night* led to the discovery of Beadle's Dime Novels. This may be another shocking confession, but I shall include it and let the editor blue-pencil it if he thinks it harmful. These novels were small volumes bound in yellow paper and with most alluring titles. "The Phantom Horsemen of the Plains," "The Quaker Detective," "Buckskin Bill," "Dare Devil Dan, King of the Rockies," and the like. They cost ten cents each, but if you kept your copy clean you could exchange it at Dailey's drugstore for another by paying five cents. In this way you could read twenty of these tales for a dollar, and by exchanging among your neighbors you could almost double this number. Whether this kind of reading did me any harm or not is a question, but I am certain that it gave me more pleasure than anything else of that time except the circus, for the circus came only once a year while Beadle's Dime Novels were always on sale at the drugstore.

It is only justice to add that I soon gained a perception of something different and better. One day in the autumn of 1871 my father brought home from Osage a little magazine called *Hearth and Home* in which was a story about people whose amusements, like our own, included singing schools, revival meetings, and spelling bees. It was called "The Hoosier School Master" and was written by a man named Edward Eggleston, and so keen was our interest in this serial story, I struggled with my sister each month to see who should win the first chance to read the continuation of the tale.

This speaks well for the novel and reflects some credit on me as well as on my sister. We did not know where the Hoosiers lived, but we understood them. They were somewhat like the folk who lived over on the Little Cedar, sort of backwoods people, but we felt in "Ralph Hartsook" something very like our own teacher. We knew a man like "Bud Means," in fact one of the big boys in my class was of that muscular, thick-headed sort. I admired "Ivanhoe," but I was able also to rejoice over Bud's victory and Hannah's release from bondage.

In this singular mixture of Franklin, Scott, Eggleston, and Old Sleuth I approached my sixteenth year, when my father gave up his farm and moved into the village of Osage to be the grain merchant for the Grange. In the autumn of that year I became a student in the Cedar Valley Seminary, which was the pride of the county, and in its library I came upon two small volumes which changed my world for me. They were "Mosses from an Old Manse," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Here was magic of a higher sort, words with a nobler music. For days I neglected my studies. I carried one of these volumes in my pocket and read it at every opportunity. I read it while walking along the street. I read it while eating my supper, pondering on such tales as "The Artist of the Beautiful," feeling something vast and timeless in them.

With these volumes my boyish reading ended. Thereafter I read as a student, vaguely aware of the problems which beset the American novelist, the poet, and the playwright.

A Tale of Chivalry

THE STORY OF ROLAND. By JAMES BALDWIN. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1930. $2.50.

THIS is not "The Song of Roland" modernized, but a recension (following a good medieval fashion, of the numerous stories of Charlemagne, Roland, Oliver, Ogier the Dane, current in the great medieval languages). That is, Mr. Baldwin has read widely, as the medieval romancers did, and handled his material with great freedom, as they did also. He has chosen a simple romantic prose for his narrative, somewhat more archaic in the dialogue than in the context, and, like Scott, has looked at his story through the eyes of a modern and told it as our age desires stories to be told. The old texts are so admirable, especially the "Song of Roland," that one hesitates to suggest this book as a substitute, but it is an excellent introduction to them, and though it is more Victorian than medieval in spirit, it is not an unworthy door through which youth may be drawn to the great storehouses of chivalrous romance. There is no more stirring tale than Roland's, no more magnificent picture than the Charlemagne the early Middle Ages created out of their own imagination.

Looking Backward

Once in Old Kentucky

By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON
Author of "The Little Colonel"

MY mother taught me to read when I was five years old and thereafter I followed her around the house, proudly practising my accomplishment. With one hand holding the book and the other tightly clutching her skirts I trailed after her up stairs and down, reading as I ran. I took it for granted that she was as interested in hearing as I was in reading. At least she always simulated an interest.

When I was six an old Englishwoman, a protegé of my mother's used to come to the house selling tea and magazines. I was encouraged to subscribe for a little magazine called *The Children's Hour*. It was always a proud moment when I climbed up to lift down the little inlaid workbox in which I kept my savings to pay for the magazine each month.

The Children's Hour was superseded in time by *The Little Corporal*, and later by the *St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion*, but we had few children's books. Our omniverous appetite for stories forced us to turn to the periodicals intended for the adult members of the household, such as *Harper's Weekly* and *Monthly*, the *American Agriculturist*, and the *Christian Advocate*. In the *Advocate* there was always a page of children's stories and a column of obituaries in which were recorded the funeral texts and the last words of the deceased. My sister and I always took a lively interest in the last words of those pious saints.

Scattered among the books of my father's theological library were "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Æsop's Fables," Foxes' "Book of Martyrs," and many bound volumes of the "Ladies Repository." Some biographies, various works on mythology, and Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales were there. Here too were the poets, especially Tennyson, Longfellow, and Whittier. We read them over and over.

Then there were introduced into the house many copies of *Godey's Lady Book*. They had been given us in order that we might cut out the colored fashion plates for paper dolls, but we discovered the sentimental love stories and read them eagerly.

In sharp contrast to these were some

Illustration by Rose O'Neil for "Tomorrow's House" (Dutton).

blood curdling Indian tales belonging to a cousin of mine. He was only a few months older than I. I read them aloud to him, both before and after supper. The clock always struck eight just when we reached the most thrilling part, but eight was our curfew hour, and I could not linger if I expected to be permitted to read again. Usually we ran the short distance from his front gate to mine, still so under the spell of the stories that we dared not look back for fear of seeing some fierce redskin with uplifted tomahawk.

Further literary pastures opened up to us in a little bookcase in a corner of the church, the remnant of an old Sunday school library. Even in those days the books were out of date and nobody read them but us. Access to it was gained by putting a board from the ground to the window sill, and slipping in through the window.

Many a summer afternoon I have spent in the peaceful seclusion of the old church, poring over those yellowed, musty-smelling little volumes. The only sounds that broke the stillness were the call of the doves in a distant woodland, or the cheery note of a redbird in the cedars of the surrounding churchyard. The stories were told in the stilted fashion in vogue many years ago, ending with the word Moral in capital letters. No one could possibly overlook the lesson it was intended to convey when it was so plainly marked, and followed the story as closely as the tail of a kite follows the kite.

No account of my early literary ventures would be complete without a reference to the series of readers used in our public schools. That series was McGuffey's. The first years of my school life were in a country school where all the grades were taught in the same room by one teacher. Here while the infant class was anxiously inquiring "A dun cow, has she hay?" or "Ned can you hop?" the grown pupils were reading such things as Hamlet's soliloquy or speeches from Patrick Henry, or extracts from Dickens or Sir Walter Scott. We employed our shining hours listening to the recitations of the older pupils, hearing them read over and over things that tickled our fancy and stimulated our imaginations. Thus we became acquainted with many authors.

When I was about fourteen there fell into my hands a copy of "St. Elmo." I read it first for the story, but finding on every page words and quotations beyond me, I sat down to it with an Anthon's Classical Dictionary and a Webster's Unabridged, to read it more intelligently. The author was the most erudite creature I had ever encountered. It was a relief after many days of high endeavor to fall back on the simple pages of one of the Dotty Dimple books.

We had Miss Alcott's "Hospital Sketches" and "Little Men," but not until after I was grown did I succeed in getting a copy of her "Little Women." It is amusing to look back on the queer hodge-podge that made up our mental pabulum. If we had some of the poorest we had also some of the best. All was grist that came to our mill and out of it all we ground some good. The mail came to our little settlement but once a week and those days were red letter days which brought a paper or magazine with its thrilling continued stories. It always had the right of way. Home lessons might be delayed, bedtime deferred for the plea, "Oh I can't stop now. I'm just in the middle of the most interesting place." We were always allowed to finish.

Mine was one of the happiest of childhoods, and I realize now that some of its deepest happiness came from those hours of reading.

An Old Favorite

DIDDIE DUMPS AND TOT. By LOUISE CLARKE PYRNELLE. Harper. 1930. $2.50.

THIS story of plantation child-life is one of the lesser American classics. A certain atmospheric resemblance to Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" is natural, though Mrs. Pyrnelle's work was entirely independent. You will indeed find, by mere chance, the famous story of the Tar Baby succinctly told again in these pages. "Diddie, Dumps and Tot" has, however, a humor all its own. It was first published in 1882 and dedicated by the author to her doctor father, who lived in Selma, Alabama. The present edition is illustrated as a gift-book by Gertrude Kay. Mrs. Pyrnelle's original preface makes interesting reading now. She wished, in writing the book, to keep alive the legends, traditions, games, hymns, and superstitions of the Southern slaves, to show the pleasant and happy relations that existed between master and slave on many plantations. This naturally involved no debate on the question of slavery, by that time a settled issue.

One of the author's remarks, in view of the recent enormous success of "The Green Pastures," is notable. "I hope that none of my readers will be shocked at the seeming irreverence of my book," she writes, "for that *intimacy* with the 'Lord' was characteristic of the negroes." Indeed, the whole chapter on "Uncle Snake-bit Bob's Sunday-School" will remind many of the Sunday-school scene that opens Marc Connelly's now famous adaptation of Roark Bradford. "Diddie, Dumps and Tot" are presented as the three little daughters of a Southern planter, living on a cotton plantation in Mississippi. Their real names were Madeleine, Elinor, and Eugenia. The story of their day-to-day adventures is obviously founded on fact. The book is as authentic a cross-section of a certain type of earlier American childhood as, in another *milieu*, "Tom Sawyer." "Diddie, Dumps and Tot" should be preserved to inform new generations of American children, along with such books as "A Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "The Story of a Bad Boy." It conveys a true and lively picture of its particular section and period.

Winston Churchill, in his recently published "My Early Life" says: "Certainly the prolonged education indispensable to the progress of Society is not natural to mankind. It cuts against the grain. A boy would like to follow his father in pursuit of food or prey. He would like to be doing serviceable things so far as his utmost strength allowed. He would like to be earning wages, however small, to help to keep up the home. He would like to have some leisure of his own to use or misuse as he pleased."

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A Bookseller Speaks

By VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON
Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.

THE children's bookshops of today are treasure houses of the gayest and the most entrancing volumes. The very jackets are intriguing, giving the would-be purchaser or browser just the initial hint of the fascinating tales inside the covers.

For the last few decades, children's literature has been an interesting subject of study and discussion. Formerly, neither children's books nor the writing of them was considered of great importance. The authors of juvenile literature, feeling somewhat apologetic or maybe somewhat ashamed of writing stories for children, wrote under a *nom de plume*. The popular tale of the day was a highly moral one with the usual reward for virtue. The so-called "Sunday School" type of literature flourished. Of course, there were some exceptions, for in England Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Sherwood, Charles and Mary Lamb, and others of equal merit had written for children.

Mary Mapes Dodge was one of the pioneers in developing good books for children in America. Her idea was to have such authors as Frank Stockton, who were writing splendid stories for adults, write worth while books for the younger readers. One day a young author came to her and said, "Miss Dodge, I think I will write a story for children." "That is very nice, Mr. Kipling, but do you think you are equal to it?" His answer to her challenge was "The Jungle Book."

As the result of her high standards and the support of the authors whose interest she had awakened, children's literature took on a greater significance. Then came the development of the work with children in the public libraries. Many boys and girls were thus introduced to books that they would never have known.

All this was well and good, but the next step was to select the proper books for the home library. Books have always been the perfect gift. However, the selection then found in the average bookshop was most deplorable. The cheapest series, the most sentimental stories, prominently displayed, were found in every shop in large numbers. On the other hand, truly worth while books, either because the person who was selling books was not informed, or because up to this time some publishers had not paid sufficient attention to the make-up of children's books to issue them in attractive bindings, were tucked away on a shelf, dusty and shopworn.

A very few advanced thinkers felt the need of specialized bookshops for children with trained people in charge who thoroughly knew literature for young readers, and, what was just as important, knew their point of view and were able to talk to children in their own language. A library standard was maintained in selecting the books, and only worth while titles found their way into the shops. Today a few attractive bookshops for children have been established; in them trained librarians are in charge. Parents and educators and every adult who has the child's interest at heart are demanding intelligent service and interesting, as well as worth while, books for him.

It is most important that the book purchased for a child should be one of lasting value, as this book is to go into the child's own library, to be read over and over again, to be loaned to friends, and to be treasured for years.

Because the child of today has very little time to read it is most important that this time should be spent on the books that are particularly adapted to his age and understanding. It is here that the responsibility of the trained sales person, to a large extent, rests, for she has it in her power to guide the child into the great realms of literature.

The average parent does not have the time or has not specialized in the selection of children's literature. Many children receive a book but once a year, and what a pity if that book should be one that is of no importance whatever instead of a great narrative of adventure or a wonderful fairy tale!

The bookshop of today is interested in following the child into the home. The trained salespeople know the individual child and in this way find out his pet authors and favorite subjects. From year to year his library grows and the necessary books are added, the child not realizing that he is getting the books he should have. Through this wise guidance he likewise finds the best selections for each age.

Because the bookseller definitely knows the child's library, as the new books come in it is his privilege to suggest them to the young reader or his parents. The chief object of the children's bookshop is the development of a good background and the reading taste of the future.

Out of Our Past

HICKORY-GOODY. By ADA CLAIRE DARBY. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1930. $1.75.

HOOFBEATS IN THE WILDERNESS. By ARTHUR M. BAKER. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. $2.

ANDRÉ. By BERTHA B. and ERNEST COBB. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by FLORENCE BAYARD BIRD

WE have here three books, two dealing with the flow of settlers through the Cumberland pass in the first decade of the nineteenth century, the Dan'l Boone sort of thing, and one describing the explorations of Champlain. Of these three one is poor, one passable, and the third very good.

The opening up of the Missouri forms the background for "Hickory-Goody." Unfortunately, "Hickory-goody-goody" would be an appropriate title for this book. The small heroine and her brother, prematurely orphaned by a plague, contrive to lisp their way through frontier life doing and saying little which could reasonably be expected to interest a child. There is an occasional interesting scene or description, such as the finding of a honey bee's nest in a hollow tree or a meeting with Daniel Boone. On the whole, however, the experiences of these two "poor, little motherless lambs" are as dull and uninteresting as are the constant moralizations of the author.

It is possible, of course, to err in the opposite direction and give an impression that life in the early days of our country was one long romantic battle with horse thieves, half breeds, and Indians. "Hoofbeats in the Wilderness" will undoubtedly appeal to the schoolboy with an appetite for "pesky redskins." It is a highly colored and rather sentimental account of a boy and his horse who helps to settle the Indiana Territory. The horse is particularly accomplished. On more than one occasion it stalks and kills a panther, and also saves its twelve-year-old master by slaying several Indians, single-hoofed as it were.

"André," by Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb, escapes the "wishy-washy" tone of "Hickory-Goody" as well as the over-coloring of "Hoofbeats in the Wilderness." The story is well written, romantic and adventurous enough to please most young people, and at the same time happens to give a good deal of historical information, painlessly.

The tale opens in Rouen. The hero, André, after adventures of his own, joins a ship which is leaving the next day for New France. It is Champlain's third trip to the new world. When André lands he makes friends with a young Indian brave and has a variety of experiences. He accompanies Champlain in the discovery of the famous lake which is called after the explorer. André returns safely to France, but in the end decides to make his life in the New World.

On the whole, it is encouraging to find these three books making use of obvious American material. We have a splendid native literature for children. Every acceptable addition to it represents a gain.

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER AT NEW ORLEANS. By GEORGE L. KNAPP. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HELEN NICOLAY

RIVER boatmen, smugglers, a giant coal-black negro named Snowball, a mule that has undergone beauty treatments to make him look like a horse, a kindly landlady and a pert young girl, move through these pages, in addition to General Jackson with his motley forces and the whole red-clad British army.

But Grandmother is not likely to give Little Herbert the book for a Christmas present, because it opens with a fist fight accompanied by language that no conventional grandmother will tolerate. If, however, Uncle Sidney instead of Grandmother opens the book at the first page, he will probably turn to the second page and then to the third, just to see how the fight comes out. After that he is likely to turn more pages—if he believes in interesting youngsters in American history.

The hero of the story is young John Preston, who, with his grizzled pal "Coldiron," has already been introduced to the public by Dr. Knapp in "A Young Volunteer with Old Hickory," a volume dealing with Andrew Jackson's campaign against the Creek Indians. The present volume carries them through the Battle of New Orleans.

If, in accomplishing all this, coincidence and credulity are sometimes strained, what historical romance was ever written without being open to the same objection?

The book shows evidence of exhaustive research, and Dr. Knapp is to be congratulated on the amount of history he has concealed—quite painlessly—in its pages. Moreover, so far as one only moderately familiar with the literature of the battle may judge, he has not warped history to suit his purpose, but has used it "straight."

The story moves rapidly, if at times with the mechanical swiftness of the cinema. The author does not preach. He tells his tale, which is grim enough at times, practically without comment, paying his readers the compliment of believing that if given the facts, they will draw the moral for themselves.

Perhaps the greatest compliment one of his readers can pay the book is to say that she laid it down wishing Dr. Knapp had seen his way to elaborating a little more his pictures of General Jackson and of those engagingly patriotic ruffians, the brothers La Fitte.

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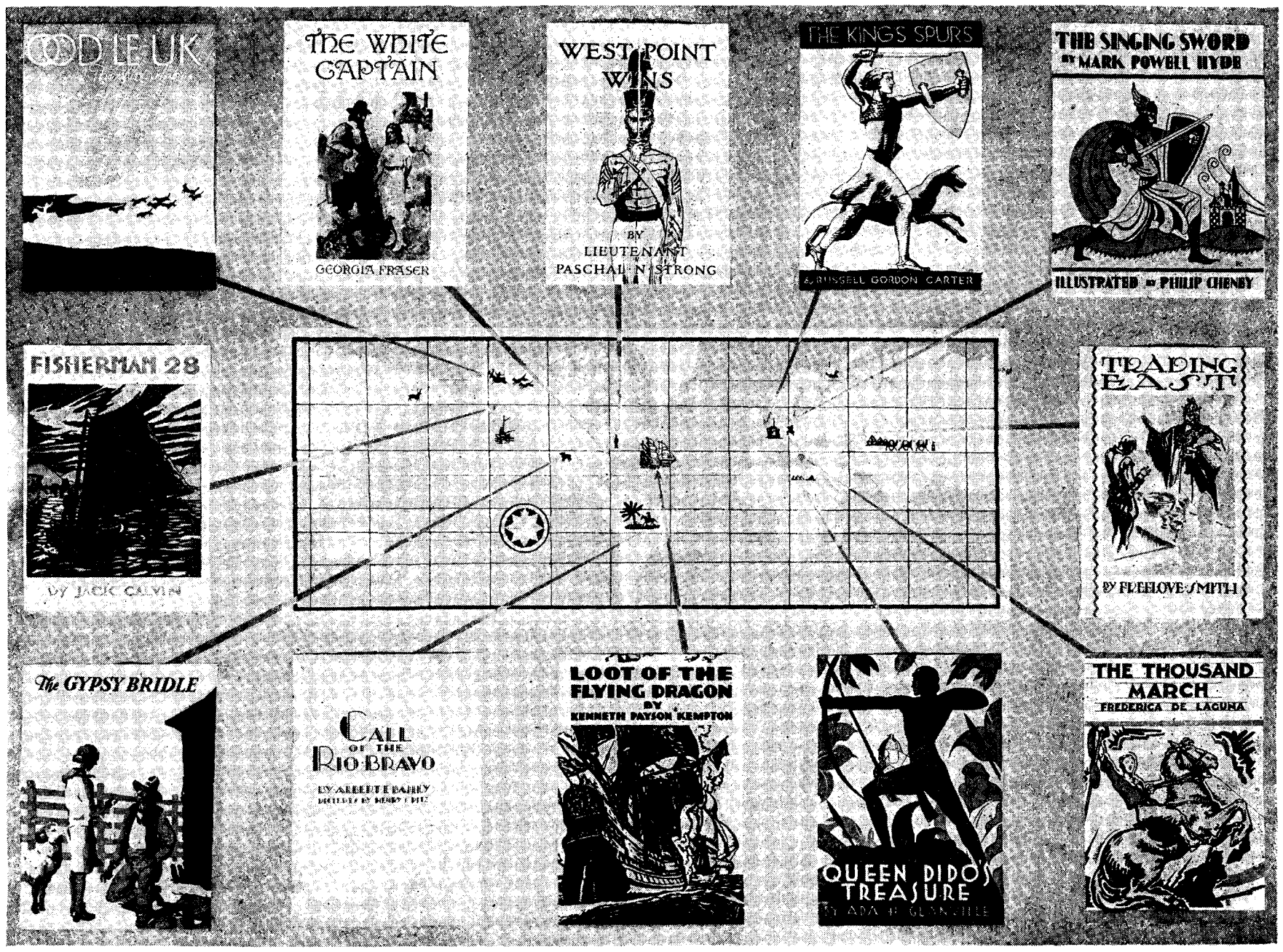

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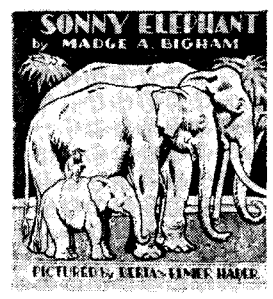

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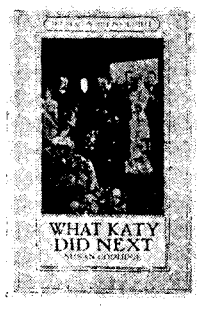

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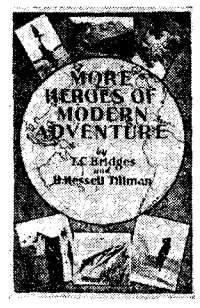

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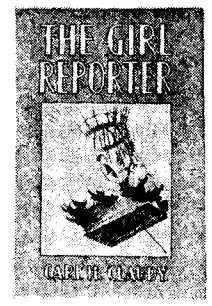

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The Reader's Guide Suggests

By May Lamberton Becker

SOMEWHERE between the parent who declares, with a large wave toward the library, that anything good enough for him is none too good for his child, and the anxious supervision ruling out everything not suitable for an angel aged eight, there must be a position where thoughtful parents may take a stand in the matter of extending to children the full freedom of grown-up literature. My father took his when he left every bookcase open but asked me if I would leave one author—whose works, by the way, he liked to read—until I had had more actual experience with life: "I'd like you to have something to compare him with," said he. I would take mine now, supposing I were responsible for the reading of a young person as old as I was then, on the right of a child to be protected against contact with emotions which as yet he cannot experience, there being no strain more wearing than this sort of vicarious emotion. I would refrain, as far as I might, from further complicating the problems of a normal adolescence with novels about adolescents who are tossed and torn by forces, social, physical, or psychological, beyond their control. Some excellent novels of this sort are available to reading adults. I believe that Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Philippa" is one of our best novels in recent years, not only for its delicate literary art, but for its startling fidelity to certain phases of human nature; I find it understanding of and deeply sympathetic with youth, but I am saddened by the thought of a fourteen-year-old girl's reading about fourteen-year-old Philippa — and if this seem a remote possibility, do not forget that on the strength of a title a number of little American girls were given "The Little French Girl."

It is for reasons of this sort rather than on literary merits that I would like to see the Victorians—with Jane Austen—given their chance as an introduction to contemporary grown-up fiction. Not because Victorian fiction is adolescent, as I was lately informed by one with whom I discussed this matter. There are young people in "Vanity Fair" and "Adam Bede," but there is nothing adolescent about their outlook. The novel of these times, however, did try to see life steadily and see it whole; fiction may have departed from this ideal, but it still makes an excellent point of departure.

It is one thing, however, to say that Victorian or other classics should be included in the general reading matter of the 'teens, and quite another to free them from the curse of "required reading." Special editions for children may be either a boon or a bane. Let a good novel first reach the young person with a biographical introduction and notes at the back, and not all your piety and wit shall reclaim it for real reading later on. Let it first reach him in dull brown covers with close-printed pages and no pictures, and it will have to compete with what he has been accustomed to consider a book, one that complies with Alice's requirements of "pictures and conversation." Give it a fairly large page, so that the whole book without cuts goes into a single good-sized volume, give it excellent full-page pictures, preferably in color, and a binding that, while substantial, does not shrink from brightness, and you have introduced your classic under terms rather more than favorable. Not a few have been so introduced: "Lorna Doone" comes this very year with Mead Schaeffer's colored plates, and the fine series of Scribner's Illustrated Classics for Younger Readers has a dozen titles that belong just as well in the grown-up section of the library. New books, too, have taken on a way of coming out in a year or so after first publication in an edition for younger readers, the only change being in added illustrations or perhaps larger type; this, of course, is if the book has proved to be one that was read eagerly by younger members of families to which it penetrated. Frank Morley's "East South East" has thus come to its second audience without losing its first one, and Benét's "John Brown's Body" appears with James Daugherty's illustrations; Carl Sandburg chooses among his best poems seventy of them to give to children in "Early Moon," and the volume looks as perky as "Rootabaga Country." Five autobiographies that modern girls should read, autobiographies of modern women, are introduced to them in "When I Was a Girl," Helen Ferris's selection of the parts which tell of their early struggles and dreams, so that a girl's life is enriched by the lives of Mme. Curie, Mme. Sugimoto, Jane Addams, Janet Scudder, and Schumann-Heink for as long as they live within the circle of the reader's interests. All these are grown-up books for children, and a study of the year's catalogues will show not a few others.

"Skycraft," by Augustus Post, is called a juvenile, but it was written with the knowledge that in matters of aviation a boy is likely to be much better informed than his father. A fifteen-year-old girl sending me the titles of five rather flat novels she had lately read, surprisingly added, "When I am tired of stories I like to stretch my mind with a book like 'The Romance of Reality' " and went on to report on this work, which includes an excellent popular statement of the principle of relativity. You never can tell what they will read, these young 'teens; they may go into this period hand in hand with Louisa Alcott and come out arm in arm with Bernard Shaw. In general, they are older in their reading tastes than many of them believe; "I must be young for my age," confessed one of them to me, "for I like Huck Finn better than I do—" and then he named a novel of the turn of the century, still popular with people of twelve-year-old minds.

There Were Giants Then

GIANTS OF THE OLD WEST. By Frederick R. Bechdolt. Illustrated. New York: Century Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Edwin L. Sabin

MR. BECHDOLT has set out to retell the achievements of certain leaders and companies who figured in the early exploration and expansion days of the trans-Missouri West and of the Southwest. The ten chapters deal with John Colter, the Lewis and Clark engagé, who, turned trapper, probably was the first white man through Yellowstone Park, and whose race for life, with the Indians, has long been a classic of western adventure lore; with the Ashley and Henry fur-hunt expeditions which established the first American trading posts in the upper Missouri River country; with Stephen Fuller Austin, the "Father of Texas," who founded the first American colonies in Texas; with the subsequent defense of the Alamo by Travis, Bowie, and all; with William Becknell, who organized the first American trading expedition to Santa Fé, which marks the inception of the Santa Fé caravan trail; with the adventures of the Pattie parties of trappers upon the Southwest deserts and the arrival of the Patties, as prisoners to the Spanish authorities, in San Diego of Southern California in 1828—preceded there, however, in 1826, by Jedediah Smith; with Brigham Young and his Mormons to Salt Lake; with Sutter of Sutter's Fort of New Helvetia (present Sacramento), California, and the events surrounding the epochal announcement of gold to be found up at Sutter's sawmill; with Alexander Majors whose name is linked with the plains bull-train freighting industry, the pony express mail run, and the Pike's Peak and Salt Lake stage, and with Charles Goodnight of the early Texas cattle drives.

Mr. Bechdolt writes with his customary enthusiasm, and commendably emphasizes the commercial and industrial bearing of the various activities. The volume should prove to be a handy compilation, as far as it goes, of Western expansion high-lights reflected from standard sources. Now and again the author's zest for the picturesque encourages fiction to outrun fact. The historian knows that the "Homeric battle" of Wild Bill Hickok (who was not "Wild Bill" until some years afterward) with the McCanles (not McCandless) party (not "gang") at Rock Creek (not Plum Creek) stage station in Nebraska was the shady outcome of a feud between young Hickok and McCanles, and the Hickok performance was decidedly unheroic. The historian should know, too, that Calamity Jane was not another famous character along the Overland stage route, because the Overland line ceased to be before Calamity attained notoriety.

A few hasty errors not based upon tradition have to be noted. The passing of "courriers des bois"—a curious form of coureurs de bois—upon the galley and page proofs is extraordinary; the Spanish hail "Los caros! (The wagons!)" in the Santa Fé Trail chapter should of course be "Los carros!"; and the present reviewer is moved to remark again, in connection with Mr. Bechdolt's writing, that the name of the old-time Western transportation magnate was not and is not Ben "Holliday" but Ben Holladay.

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The New Books

THE BOYS' BOOK OF ANNAPOLIS. By GEORGE L. KNAPP. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.

This is just the book to give a boy who has made up his mind to enter the Naval Academy. The author tells the story of the little old town whose name has long since become a synonym for the naval school. He takes the reader through the buildings of the Academy. He tells its history, describes the routine, and gives the entrance requirements with sample examinations. Nor does he neglect the romantic features. He spins interesting yarns about the historical relics in the Yard, and to prove the excellence of the Academy education tells the stories of famous graduates, a *non sequitur* that will not trouble any boy reader.

Here and there the author admits that he does not approve of certain details in the picture, but on the whole he is so enthusiastic as to suggest that the book has been written and published for Navy Day. What he does not tell, is that the navy offers just now a very discouraging prospect for any boy with ability and ambition. Despite the glamor of brass buttons for the boy and the free education and board, which appeals to his father, someone should tell them both to think twice. The Navy is being reduced, and the officer grades are jammed with the huge classes that have poured into the service during the last fifteen years. Under the present law there is a possibility that a whole class of officers may be discharged into civil life because there is no possibility of their making the grade of lieutenant commander. Resignations on graduation are actually encouraged, but the Naval Academy training is so specialized that it is difficult for a graduate to fit into either advanced study or a position in the business or professional world. In fact, the greatest problem facing the Secretary of the Navy is how to keep up the morale of the Navy under present conditions.

BOY'S GENGHIS KHAN. By HAROLD LAMB. McBride. 1930. $2.50.

This is an edited and adapted version of Lamb's excellent "Genghis Khan," one of a series of books by him of which the last was the story of the first Crusade, called "Iron Men." The Mongol conquerors have had little of intimate character written about them in English, and indeed until the discovery of their saga literature little was known except from the pens of their enemies. Lamb's achievement was that of a skilful compiler who took the best sources and then wrote a sympathetic and interpretative biography. The boy's Genghis differs chiefly in length. It keeps the exciting youth of Genghis much as it was written by Lamb, but surveys more briefly the later conquests. Lamb's book was usefully historical in that he tried to make explicable the mystery of these far sweeping conquests and the seeming blood lust of the Mongols. He was successful, and this briefer book keeps the breadth of treatment of the original, as well as the excellent narrative style. The result is a fine book for boys, because it is skilfully made from a fine book for adult readers. It is *not* written like fiction, which is a relief, for we have been steadily debasing the taste of youth by turning every item of the great and fascinating records of the past into cheap plot and modernized character.

PEGGY OF OLD ANNAPOLIS. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.

The place is Annapolis, the time is early in 1776, and the heroine is a girl of fifteen, daughter of one of the loyalists of the town. Her father, that is, still hesitates to abandon his allegiance to the king. Half by accident, the high-spirited girl is the means of persuading him to adopt the Revolutionary cause. On her lawn one day she picks up a worn-out carrier pigeon, with an incomprehensible message tied to its leg; a short time later another message fortuitously comes into her hand—a Tory friend of her father's loses it in the chimney, and she finds it. The two messages fit together, and she and her cousin decipher their hidden meaning. They show that the Tories are plotting to carry off Charles Carroll and the principal Revolutionary leaders of Maryland, and that they are using the father of the heroine as a mere tool.

This is the beginning of a tale which Mr. Daniel weaves with much more art and suspense than are usually found in juvenile fiction, and which he tells with much more style. There are complications and perils of a dozen kinds. The girl and her cousin are soon in the thick of the conflict between Whig and Tory, American and Briton, and playing a real part in the drama which led to the decision of the Maryland delegates in the Continental Congress to support the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Daniels knows enough about the region and the time to write with sureness. He knows, too, how to write a girl's story which has the fascination of adventure, and in which the suspense never flags. The book has atmosphere, descriptive value, and the merit of steady, careful development. Without being too elaborate, it is really original. All ends well, with Peggy the temporary heroine of the little Maryland capital, and the enemies of her family and her country properly discomfited.

BIG FELLOW AT WORK. By DOROTHY W. BARUCH. Illustrated by BERTA and ELMER HADER. Harpers. 1930. $1.50 net.

Children who love to stand around New York streets and watch those prehistoric monsters, the steam shovels, gulping stone and earth, will enjoy this book of Mrs. Baruch's. It is a continuation of the industrious adventures of the hero of her first book, "Big Fellow. The Story of a Road-Making Shovel." We could wish that she had personified Big Fellow without being sentimental about him; but on the whole, with its simple vocabulary and big type, it is a useful and enjoyable book for young readers in a mechanistic age.

(*Continued on next page*)

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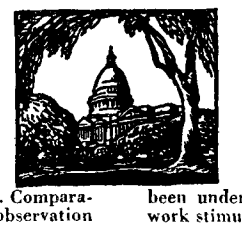

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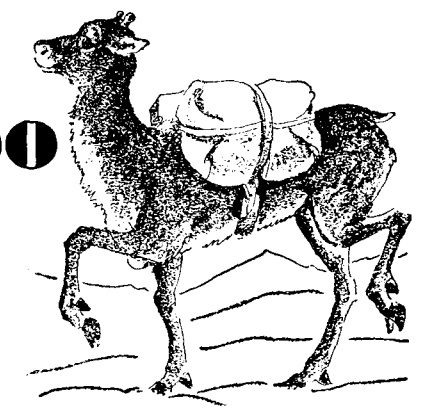

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$2.00

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The New Books

LITTLE PILGRIM TO PENN'S WOODS. By EDNA ALBERT. Longmans, Green. 1930. $2.

This is the story of a "Pennsylvania Dutch" girl, Selinda Reinhardt, and her family on their way from the upper Rhine country to settle in the wild lands across the Susquehanna. It is much more meaty than most books of the kind, which are too often content with the conventional Puritan-Indian pattern of pioneer America. Fully two-thirds of the book recounts the picturesque journey of the family down the Rhine and across the ocean, an adventure for a child so rich in excitement and interest that one wonders why we have not had more stories of the children who crossed with the pioneers. It is to a settled mid-eighteenth century Philadelphia that they come, Quaker in spirit, prosperous and happy, but the frontiers are still close, and the French and Indian wars break while the Reinhardts are settling themselves in the borderland. Unata, a fine and not too much idealized chief of the Tuscaroras, befriends them for the sake of little Selinda. For a quiet but interesting narrative which pictures with truth and vividness the life of the immigrant settler in rich and tranquil Pennsylvania, this book can be highly recommended. It is high time for the German forefathers to get such recognition in our children's literature.

TOM AND MOT. By MAX TRELL. Illustrated by JO MCMAHON. Cosmopolitan. 1930. $1.50.

Tom is none other than the little Tommy Lynn of the nursery rhyme who so unfortunately drowned poor Pussy Cat one day. His adventures begin when, on peering down the well after poor pussy, he catches sight of his own reflection. Quite against his will and rather suddenly he and his reflection change places with each other. Mot is, of course, the reflection's name and the story relates the amazing adventures of Tom living Mot's life in a topsy-turvey underworld. He finally reaches home much improved by the experience, for he finds that Mot is a very good reflection indeed.

The illustrations are spritghtly and, though the story is occasionally strongly reminiscent of "Alice in Wonderland," it still has plenty of original moments.

NO. 8 JOY STREET. Appleton. 1930. $2.50.

Here is the eighth annual collection of new stories and verses for children, by English authors. The series is evidently a good "repeater." The volume is artistically bound and illustrated. Work by Lawrence Housman, Eleanor Farjeon, Algernon Blackwood, commands attention. And yet —"No. 8 Joy Street" remains the product of the adults reminiscent idea of the child's imaginative life. It lacks the tang and virility of the story that has its root in folk-lore. These verses and stories are humorous, graceful, sentimental, moral. In earlier volumes, Milne's contributions had the authentic flavor of real childhood and Hilaire Belloc's verses were half-brothers to Lear's "Nonsense Book." But their quality is lacking here.

A MAGIC WORLD. Edited by MARGERY GORDON and MARIE B. KING. Appleton. 1930. $2.

This is a rather stereotyped anthology, a sort of Longfellow to Alfred Noyes collection. And yet, although the book begins with Tennyson's "Bugle Song" and ends with "The Shepherd Who Stayed" by Theodosia Garrison, and though the section-heads include "Far Away and Long Ago," "America the Beautiful" and "Songs of Life," betokening no spark of originality, we found ourselves grateful for the resuscitation of such forthright narratives by Longfellow as "King Robert of Sicily," "The Bell of Atri," and "The Leap of Roushan Beg." Also, we found several sparkling contemporary treasures, like "White Fear," by Winifred Welles, and "First Snow," by Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

A LITTLE MONEY AHEAD. By ELSIE SINGMASTER. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $1.75.

Young people love a mystery story and though this is a slight book and rather conventionally written, it maintains interest; none the less so for being a quiet and unsensational story. There is decidedly something for boys and girls to think about in the situation of the self-supporting young heroine, alone in the world and with the lack of "a little money ahead" always her haunting problem. And confusion between real pearls and false is not so old a theme as to have quite lost its appeal. Girls will approve of the strong hint of romance at the end of the story and all readers will enjoy the appreciative humor with which two elderly minor characters are frequently introduced on the way to the happy ending.

SQUIGGLES or The Little Red Cape. By DOROTHY ALDIS. Illustrated by MARGARET FREEMAN. Minton, Balch. 1930. $2.

Dorothy Aldis is the author of many ingenious ideas in her books of poetry, "Everything and Anything" and "Here, There, and Everywhere," but the most original and delightful of her creations is "Squiggles" the chipmunk, in her new book of that name.

This very plausible animal story starts with Emmy, a little girl, finding a shivering baby chipmunk in the road, removing the red cape from her doll, and tying it around his neck. Squiggles, for it was he, escapes and runs as fast as he can go to his Mother, who bemoans the fate of her only son, for she cannot untie the cape. However it proves to be a great asset, for Emmy's dog Patsy, who loves to chase chipmunks, is afraid of the funny little animal with red wings and turns the tables by running away from him. Many complications ensue involving Squiggles' four sisters, Emmy's desire to recover her doll's cape (poor doll Gloria contracts a bad cold from exposure), and the chipmunk's necessity of storing food for the long winter months. Christmas solves the problem in providing Gloria with a new cape to protect her from the weather and Squiggles's four sisters with capes as a protection from Patsy.

The interest of the story is well sustained, but the reiteration of phrases for the purpose of emphasis becomes very boring to any age, particularly when read aloud.

The black and white illustrations by Margaret Freeman are in keeping and make a harmonius whole which any child will enjoy.

BEPPO THE DONKEY. By RHEA WELLS. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

Having read the sad tales of Giovanni Verga full of pathos concerning the wretched lives the donkeys lead in Sicily, we opened "Beppo the donkey" with fear for what awful catastrophe might befall him. But —Beppo is born, and for the first few chapters, leads a dull, commonplace life; not even his rescue of the chickens from the hungry hawk is thrilling. As soon as the little Sicilian children appear, with their play of St. George slaying the Dragon (who is a lovable old goat), and shrieks of laughter and joy at sight of Piccolo Beppo, the story moves swiftly to a splendid climax. The old, old legend of the giant enchained in Mt. Etna and the description of his roaring and groaning, causing the volcano to spit fire, is simply and dramatically told.

Every respectable Sicilian donkey dreams of the day when he will be pulling a handsome cart with lovely scenes of famous wars painted on it. So did Beppo. And we are happy to see him proudly drawing the most beautiful cart in the city with a group of children standing around him in awed admiration.

This book reflects the sunshine and color of Sicily in its very format. The gay yellow of the cover with its red lettering strikes the keynote at the first glance. The author's illustrations seem bathed in an atmosphere of hot Sicilian sunshine. The colors are clear and bold, and the pictures hold the very spirit of Sicily.

RED MAN'S LUCK. By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER. Coward-McCann. 1930.

The hero of this tale for boys is own brother to the ever popular boy hero of a generation or two ago, of unimpeachable moral character, for whom everything turns out just right. He is a white boy of unknown parentage, adopted and brought up by the Blackfeet Chief, Long Shadow. The Indians call him Beloved Child because he brings them luck. The factor of a Hudson Bay Trading Post learns to trust him as an equal in the various emergencies of a young frontiersman in the Northwest.

The background of the story is one with which the author is authentically acquainted, made up about equally of bears, caribou, buffalo, wild fowl, Sioux, Crees, Piegans, and Canadian Blackfeet. The Indian characters are true to their tribal type, and the story is entirely free from false sentiment and every sort of "nature faking." The movement of the tale is not too rapid to prevent the proper savoring of the wild background, and yet the element of picturesqueness and native wildness is never overdone. Altogether an excellent story for the pre-adolescent period.

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TRANQUILINA'S PARADISE. By SUSAN SMITH. Illustrated by THOMAS HANDFORTH. Minton, Balch. 1930. $2.50.

This is one of those books which we are glad to see beginning to arrive from that paradise of the child mind—Mexico, where perfectly true things can have all the unexpected delight and whimsicality of a fairy tale; where animals are still believed to talk and miracles still happen. "Tranquilina's Paradise" is less successful than "The Painted Pig," by Elizabeth Morrow. It is not quite completely in the key of the child mind, nor does the vocabulary always keep strictly within the native range. It is, however, in its final effect, entirely true to the aspects of life in Mexico as they present themselves to a child.

Something of the same thing could be said of Thomas Handforth's drawings. They are, perhaps, a trifle too intricate, either for children or for Mexican artists. It seems rather a pity that Mr. Handforth has not adhered to the principles laid down so successfully by Best-Haugard in his analysis of native Mexican art. There are at times, in Handforth's work, hints of alien elements, of the European type of fantasy which, successful as it is when applied to the European fairy tale, fails of the freshness and ingenuity of the aboriginal American mind. There are several suggestions of Chinese whimsicality, which, though they are not quite so far from the genius of Mexican as European art, nevertheless, in this particular instance, fail to add anything to the picture.

The authentic nature of Miss Smith's knowledge of Mexico is competently sustained in "Tranquilina's Paradise." One feels that Mr. Handforth would have done better to have spent more time among the *poblanos infantiles* of our neighbors to the south.

SIR BOB. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $2.50.

This is a story for children written, we suspect, with an eye to the entertainment of their parents, and, consequently, not apt to endear itself to the young. The publishers point out on the jacket a kinship to "Alice in Wonderland," and some of the verses which are interspersed with the text do suggest a parody of Carroll's verses. "Sir Bob" bristles with whimsy, with occasional satiric jibes, and some of the conceits are amusing. But it seems a rather studied kind of nonsense, and we believe that most children would resent it. Lynd Ward's black and white illustrations are sophisticated and quite charming.

The story centers around Sir Bob—short for Sir Robert de la P. Avoirdupois Le Gallant de Poigne—and his left-handed little daughter whose habit was to write from right to left. This peculiarity naturally changed her name from Mary to Yram. Sir Bob tells stories and recites rhymes and he and Yram seem to have a pleasant time together. At least the author seems to have had a pleasant time taking a holiday from his serious writing.

CHERRY PIT. By LOUISE PLATT HAUCK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $1.50.

When you discover that this book is founded upon the legend of the unwelcome stepmother who turns out to be royally a member of the family, and also upon that other legend of the hidden treasure found at last in the woodshed, do not be misled into laying it too easily aside. Upon these too familiar backgrounds is woven a delightfully human and entertainingly written story—or if not a story a very charming account of the life of a family that might be—well, any of us in any smallish town. And grown-ups who were children in the 'nineties may read these chapters with their own memories trooping back to life, as indeed this author's surely did for her pen to discharge,—costumes, small customs, a whole panorama. The book is not written with sentimentality, only with genuine sentiment and the twinkle that enriches it. Not the least pleasant bits are the author's small summaries at the head of each chapter, in which she steps outside her story and hints what may be coming next and what she thinks about it. "Cherry Pit" is a really charming and unusual little book.

THE UNCLE AMOS PUPPET SHOW. By NEVA KANAGA BROWN. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.25.

This little book for children under ten years of age is illustrated by the author, or perhaps one should say "written by the illustrator" since it is primarily a picture book. The drawings, which are appealing, are in black-and-white and there is a colored frontispiece.

The story is about a puppet-show made by Amos, a boy of nine, the author's brother, assisted by "Chick," her son, at the ripe age of four.

Chick believed in fairies and went out into the garden to catch some, lying in wait for them under the rose-bushes with a big straw hat to clap over them when they might appear. He was disappointed not to find any, but when his uncle Amos showed him the puppets he had made—king, queen, prince, and princess, dolls who walked and danced and rode horseback when one pulled their strings—he saw at once that these little creatures were fairies which Amos had captured while he himself was in the garden. The play which the young puppeteers gave for a delighted audience with these dolls is outlined. Needless to say, the prince and the princess lived happily ever after!

The spirit of the book is gay, and children, especially those who have seen marionette shows, will no doubt enjoy hearing about Amos and Chick and their puppets, and may even be inspired to emulate their achievement.

THE WITNESS TREE. By HAROLD CHANNING WIRE. Crowell. 1930. $2.

THE GYPSY BRIDLE. By LENORA M. WEBER. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.

These are two capital Western stories for boys and girls. In "The Witness Tree" the action is boy and man action; in "The Gypsy Bridle" the action is a sort of family affair engaging girls and boys and their elders.

"The Witness Tree" tells how Steve Corey, from New York gangster ranks, made good as forest guard in the California high Sierra. He entered upon the job quite by accident, but helped by Bill Wade, forest ranger, and Duke the able dog, and Comet his own horse, he measured up to the standard of a man as set by the Government Forest Service. The plot hangs upon the attempt of a lumbering outfit to cut big timber which, they claimed, could not be proved to be inside the reserve. The "witness tree," marking a corner of the Government survey, had yet to be found; and to locate that tree, in time, was the one trump card of Ranger Bill and his assistant Steve. That card was played; but meanwhile there are inspiring chapters of ranger lore and ranger work—trailing, packing, chaining, camping, fire-fighting—for Mr. Wire the author has lived that very life. As one of the Crowell "Color Juveniles" the story is illustrated by four color pictures, by Howard L. Hastings.

The Hash Knife Ranch, which is the setting of "The Gypsy Briddle," is situated upon the Colorado plains, which indicates eastern Colorado, or maybe southeastern, by the reference to sheep. At the Hash Knife the visitor meets a great variety of interesting humans and semi-humans: Mary Kettering who is the ranch head while her father is in a hospital, her younger brother Emerson who aspires to be champion roper, Pantlowa the obstinate cow, Pegasus the gray horse, Tagalong the collie, and so on. This is a well-told and lively mystery story of the endeavors of the Hash Knife, under Mary, to right grievous neighborhood wrongs. It is a true picture of Western ranch doings, for the author was a Colorado homesteader and, as the jacket flap states, "holds the world's record for racing and changing saddles." The illustrations (frontispiece in color) are by Kurt Wiese.

SAM HOUSTON, PATRIOT. By FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR. New York: Century. 1930. $2.

Having written capable lives of Kit Carson and Frémont for boys, Mrs. Seymour is well equipped to deal with the Southwestern hero Sam Houston. It is a rapid narrative that she presents. In little more than two hundred well written pages she spreads the whole panorama before her readers—Houston's adventurous boyhood, his adoption by the Cherokees, his service with Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812, and all the rest, culminating in his leadership of the republic of Texas. Her pages show familiarity with the best recent material on the subject, including Marquis James's biography; and they show also a keen sympathy with her hero. Houston does not commend himself so easily to the boyish heart as Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and John C. Frémont. There were political complexities in his career which youngsters find it hard to understand, and after the great fight at San Jacinto, when he ran his last gauntlet of physical danger, his life lacked the kind of action which boys enjoy. He was not a man of the simple elemental character that Boone and Carson showed, and some of the complexities of his nature are not at all amiable. Nevertheless, he was an impressive and an important figure, and he should be more familiar to American youth. Mrs. Seymour has given us the one good juvenile life of him in existence, and it deserves a wide circulation.

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A Mixed Assemblage

Three Not of a Kind

THE TIDE'S SECRET. By REED FULTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

THE BOY FROM THE WEST. By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $1.75.

THE TRAIL OF FIRE. By J. D. WHITING. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

AFTER rounding the Horn in his most robust tale, "Davy Jones' Locker," and crossing the plains on "The Moccasin Trail," Mr. Fulton returns to Puget Sound to exercise us over the unusual fortunes of Clem Fargar and her brother Dave. Clem is a resolute girl guarding some money in her summer hotel. Piratical men appear, and a professor. Her brother disappears. Clem has an excellent physique and a courage we envy. But she is not long on foresight and falls into some desperate situations. The last of these is absolutely thrilling and its solution ingenious. Indeed Mr. Fulton's right hand is suspense and his left is humor. Albert Edward Wiggam, less eccentric, would have been funnier. This author need not resort to caricature. But the parrot is perfect. The portrayal of the Sound shows how great an advantage derives from utilizing a well-known, well-loved locality. The writing, itself, is on a high level and the book is far above the ordinary. But from some intuition of the sincerity in these pages, we are certain that the best is to come.

If Mr. Pier had keyed up his book—characters, crisis, and all—to a reasonable intensity, his good details and insight into the trivial doings of a boys' school would have made "The Boy from the West" considerably more worth reading. He is too easy with us. Yet there is a certain normalcy which is better than the far-fetched. The story concerns an athletic Californian with the name of Henry Dunn Noble. It is just the sort of name that would be given him by his father, the very image of the late Rollo Holiday's parent. Handicapped by both patronymic and papa, Henry enters an eastern school where he takes a lame duck under his prospering wing. It doesn't hurt the wing and it helps the duck who finally flies to his goal—a perch on the school paper. There is a moral on every page.

Turning to "The Trail of Fire" we find ourselves in what is likely to prove one of the most engrossing books of the year. Mr. Whiting, whose rugged "S. O. S." thrilled us like a breath of the true salt wind, has here gone one better, for from the official records of the Civil War navies and the personal memories of the man who captained the famous *Alabama*, he has hewn the timber of a splendid tale. We have, moreover, not only the career of that commerce-raider from outrageous beginning to spectacular end; interwoven is Hall Nelson's story, and both are made real by the thick atmosphere of sea and war. Mr. Whiting is no pattern writer with one eye on publishers' prohibitions. He writes freely, from a rich store of fact and emotion, sprinkling (moral) aside over the rail—like last night's ashes—startling with suddenly switched plot, introducing salty natures like Captain Neil, animating one of the great dramas of our history. Space remains for only one remark: get this book and read it.

DOWN THE COLORADO INTO MEXICO. By MARY REMSON NORTH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $1.75.

A BOY SCOUT IN THE GRAND CAVERN. By DOUGLAS L. OLIVER. The same.

Reviewed by ANNE HUEY

HERE is reassurance for those horrified and vocal adults who have been viewing with alarm the antics of modern youth. High living in terms of night clubs, necking, smoking, speeding, and other glittering misdemeanors is yielding front page space to high adventure. And adventure belongs to the young, even to ten year olds, as witness the journal of Mary Ramsen North, "Down the Colorado."

It is the daily record of a journey down a treacherous river which cuts through a desert wilderness and between the shadowed, towering walls of mighty canyons. Men have traversed it; but it is still unconquered land; and cruising down the lower reaches of the Colorado, in a fifteen foot flat boat would furnish thrills for any age. Mary adds a piquant touch to her adventure, which is not in the least boastful, by doing her school work on the way. By way of climax to the river voyage the North family make a nine days journey, on foot, across the San Felipe desert, where lack of water is so real a danger that rattlesnakes seem only incidental.

It is all done in the best Girl Scout tradition, of thirst, weariness, and danger bravely borne. Moreover, it has that nice apperception of the adventurous details which youth finds important. One regrets a little the mature viewpoint which is responsible for the interviews with the state and national officials, though it is consoling to find that the young author's unvarying reaction to the governors is whether they are tall or short. In spite of these testimonials, however, the youngsters will like the book. Parents will approve it; but all of them who have struggled with the homework of ten years olds will feel grave and honest doubts as to the I. Q. of the brightest of their offspring.

Penetrating to unexplored levels of the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico is a good news story, too. Told by Douglas L. Oliver, in "A Boy Scout in the Grand Cavern" it should stir the most inveterate tree sitter or arm chair adventurer to seek a keener excitement. The nethermost depths of that unbelievable subterranean world are still a challenge to the brave. Douglas's account of the new chambers his party penetrated is breath-taking, and rightly so. A rodeo and a bit of New Mexican ranch life makes a background for these momentous hours underearth. As a carping critic I must point out the fact that even New Mexican rattlesnakes never strike their full length; but as one who enjoys vicarious adventure I concede this inaccuracy to be a minor flaw in one of the best of the boys' books for boys.

It is probably true that the many stories youngsters are writing these days of their own adventures have a conscious modesty and a determined heartiness which may annoy the sophisticated. The children of the sophisticated, however, will resent such cavilling, along with the thousands of other boys and girls to whom the tenets of scouting are philosophy, ethics, and good taste. These books are the perfect answer to the deluge of magazine articles and sermons on "Whither, youth?" They are as morally solid as the "Rollo" books and much more intelligent. As good tales well told they should need no justification. Here is to more of them! And to Mary and Douglas —Salaam.

RED HORSE HILL. By STEPHEN W. MEADER. Illustrated by LEE TOWNSEND. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. DUFFUS

UP in New Hampshire, it seems, not so long ago, progress hadn't eliminated some of the old homely virtues, horses still commanded more affection than motor cars, and if a boy tended to business and used his head he was quite likely to make a good finish out of a bad start. These are some of the conclusions to be drawn from Stephen W. Meader's "Red Horse Hill," which at least one adult read with considerable delight during hours that should, perhaps, have been devoted to a study of the serious problems of the day. To enter into a boys' book in this way, accepting its necessary conventions, is to return for a while to the mood of one's childhood. There was evil in the world in those days, but its luck never lasted. There were always kindly souls like Uncle John, who, with some help from boys like Bud Martin, could outsmart any villain. Whether there ought to be books like this is a question, for as any student of modern fiction or drama knows they are very misleading. Put Uncle John and Aunt Sarah in an O'Neill play and the result would be horrifying. But if the illusion is worth the candle this is a good story.

One suspects that Mr. Meader has written it with real affection, putting into it quite a number of things that hardly belong in this day of motor cars and radios, but which played a part in many a pleasant country boyhood. One may date it about a quarter of a century ago, when automobiles existed, indeed, but were "tall and massive" and driven by "uniformed chauffeurs in goggles." Bud, who is of course an orphan, incurs Mike Rafferty's wrath and has to run away from the livery stable in Boston where all he has to do is to carry water and do other chores for thirty-six horses. Of course he has a dog named Tug and of course the New Hampshire town at which he and Tug tumble out of their chilly box-car turns out to be the one near which Uncle John and Aunt Sarah live, and of course Uncle John and Aunt Sarah—but no reader of books for boys will thank me for giving away the story. It is a well-assembled story, with an ancestry going at least as far back as Huckleberry Finn. The villains are foiled, the race is won, though one isn't sure it is going to be, and the long-lost document turns up in due time.

The adult reader may not have to bate his breath over this plot quite as much as he would like to. He may read rather rapidly for a few pages after the dark-complexioned individual with the earrings makes his first appearance. Yet if he had a country childhood he will hear the ring of veracity in many of the descriptions. He will recognize Bud's room, with its four-poster and patchwork quilt; the "creak of stanchions and the rustle of straw" as the cows are being milked; the "dancing motes of dust" when the big barn door is thrown open to the sunlight; the sound of wind around the house on a cold winter night; the country blacksmith shop, the cutter racing and many other details. Mr. Meader does not overburden his youthful readers with atmosphere. He does not dwell on *smells*—those unforgettable, sometimes poignant memories of country boyhoods. But there is no doubt he knows what he is talking about. And if one wished to give a city boy an idea of what New Hampshire used to be like and may still be like in spots, one could hardly do better than to make him a present of this book. Possibly one would not need to warn him that boys who need $920 to pay off the taxes on their long-lost grandfather's farm do not always win the $1,000 prize in the free-for-all meeting for the snow racing championship of New England. But the patchwork quilt and the motes dancing in the sun inside the hay barn are real.

KID. By MARY BIDDLE FITLER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

IT would be a very crabbed reviewer indeed who would find fault with this merry, interesting, and wholesome book, equally to be recommended to boys or to girls. From the first chapters, wherein Reddy teaches the Kid, aged fourteen, the exciting sport of reed-bird shooting on the Delaware River, unaware that his plucky little pupil is a girl and not a boy, to the last sections in which three companions and fast friends go into an original business to earn money for the college career of one of them, the book moves vigorously with unusual incidents, a lively and amusing style, and an underlying emphasis on friendship, courage, and good sportsmanship.

The motherless Kid, fresh from an untramelled childhood on a ranch, has been brought East by her father to be educated and more especially to be tamed. The processes of seeing and accepting the good points in the governess who is set over her, and of subjection to a general grooming for the approval of an affectionate but bewildered father, are painful ones for this little rover. Her naturally fine characteristics prevail, however, especially when echoed by those of the two older boy companions with whom her courage in adventure soon links her. Thereafter their adventures continue in partnership, with excitement in plenty. A difference in social station serves only to point its own moral, —though no trace is to be found anywhere of a moral obtruding itself in obvious fashion. Things are too busy happening, in the little derelict houseboat on the river shore, to stop for anything like that! Lively and plentiful illustrations by Enos B. Comstock complete an unusually good measure in this excellent successor to the same author's "Reddy."

THE ENCHANTED BUTTON. Told and illustrated by MARION BULLARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.

THIS fairy story is about a terribly disagreeable Princess and what happened to her for making over a royal white elephant into ivory buttons. Now the father of this unfortunate elephant is Monarch of the Forest and very powerful indeed. He naturally resents the fate of his son and puts a powerful spell on the one button that is left in the possession of the Princess. The adventures which ensue are lively and amusing and it all ends happily—even to the Princess's disposition.

Marion Bullard's own illustrations for her story have much of the directness and most of the crudities of a child's drawings.

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